



'SQUIRE RANDAL'S
Excursion round LONDON:
OR, A
WEEK'S FROLIC,
In the YEAR 1776.

WITH THE
REMARKS OF JOHN TRUSTY.
IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS
TO THEIR
FRIENDS AND BOTTLE COMPANIONS
In the COUNTRY.

Being a faithful Representation of Morning-Scenes, Noon-Scenes, and Night-Scenes - Adventures with the most extraordinary Characters, Male and Female - A Peep behind the Curtains of the Theatres - The Humours of different Parts of the Town - Pictures of High and Low Life - The Frolics of Midnight, &c. &c. &c.

Forming a compleat Mirrour of the Mirth, Manners, Pleasures, and Passions of the Metropolis; and delineating the Designs, Arts, Seductions, and Mal-Practices of both Sexes, and of all Ranks in this great City.

Illustrated with an Humourous FRONTISPIECE.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in Malice."

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N: 1777

Printed for RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under
the Royal-Exchange.



TO THE
COUNTRY GENTLEMEN
OF
GREAT-BRITAIN,

THE FOLLOWING
LETTERS,
WRITTEN FOR THEIR
AMUSEMENT and INSTRUCTION, and to
Warn them of DANGERS,
As well as to screen them from IMPOSITIONS,

Are humbly addressed,

By their most obedient,

Faithful Servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

TO THE
COUNTRY GENTLEMEN
OF
GREAT-BRITAIN
L. E. T. B. N. S.

WRITTEN FOR THEM
ANALYST AND INSTRUCTOR, and to
WILLIAM OF DANIELS
As well as to Green from the Institution
Anchored at the
By the name of the
Landed from the
The
The

T H E
PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THERE have been several publications whose chief objects were the arts, cheats, designs, and various deceptions of the metropolis, but they are generally allowed to be deficient, either in point of style, decency, or accuracy of delineation; and country gentlemen, who have become the purchasers of such *unfaithful* trash, have been laying out their money to no purpose: for, instead of buying a fair, honest, and candid description (intending it, very likely, as a kind of traveller's pocket companion) they have bought a farrago of fictitious stories, and a

parcel of printed pages that cannot be depended upon.

Mr. Robert Randal, however, the Author of the following sheets, was not only a more ingenious, but a more *ingenuous* rambler: he left his country friends in order to oblige, instruct, and entertain them; and his humble companion, John Trusty, has imitated his master with a very commendable degree of precision.

In the course of these letters we are furnished with a display of undoubted facts in a very lively and diverting flow of language. The remarks are *apropos*, the humour agreeable, and the scenes instructive.

Whoever is yet ignorant of the ways of the lower, and, indeed, the higher departments of the LONDON people, may, in these pages, be enabled to undertake a journey to the city with less hazard of being gulled and imposed upon; and, if they read cautiously, they may escape a
thousand

thousand disasters and hypocrisies; to which an honest countryman when he comes to London in the fullness of his simplicity is exposed.

In short, the Publisher of Mr. RANDAL's EXCURSION presumes to recommend it as an impartial representation of facts, as they happen every day, and every night, in this metropolis; and as it is the *truest* guide to warn country gentlemen of misfortune, vice, and danger, by shewing wherein they consist, and under what an infinite variety of plausible and bewitching disguises they offer themselves to a stranger's eyes, imagination, purse, and passions.

It should be noted, in justice to Mr. Randal, that these letters are interspersed with such original observations, and such judicious extracts, as put them upon a more useful, exact, and copious scale, than any other publication of the kind. In a word, morality, humour, and well-merited

merited satire, characterise the Excursion of Mr. Robert Randal, and his old sensible servant John Trusty. As to the freedom with which Mr. Randal has written to his friend Mr. Crony, it must be observed, that he has never drawn any pictures of vice or of voluptuousness, so as to make the reader, or even his correspondent, *in love with them*: on the contrary, he has never painted a fair and beautiful temptation, without pointing very plainly at the pernicious consequences of *yielding* to it: nor is there any thing in this volume that can offend the chastest eye, except the natural disgust with which it will view the scenes of artifice, and dangerous ingenuity, that are, nevertheless, the instructive subjects of it.



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'SQUIRE RANDAL'S
EXCURSION,

OR,

A WEEK'S FROLIC.

LETTER I.

'SQUIRE RANDAL to CHARLES CRONY, *Gent.*

The 'Squire on his arrival promises to write often to his friend, Mr. Crony, on BUCKISM, BLOODISM, and all fashionable subjects.

I AM all on fire to be engaged in such scenes as may shew you the *humours of London*: I shall tell you every thing I meet with, that is in our way, but not a word for your life to any third person; for with my sisters, you know, I am a very grave man, and being the eldest brother, I think it fitting to set them a moral exam-

ple; at the same time I hold it right to take as much pleasure as I can while my youth lasts, and while I can enjoy the property that belongs to me. Strange as it may seem, I never was at this delightful place before; and being neither incumbered with wife nor child, I am fully resolved to "strew the way over with flowers," let the folks say what they will; at the same time I design to describe all the scenes of humour and glee in this metropolis as a spectator, not as a sharer; for, though I love to see life on all sides, yet I have no pleasure in debauchery. I will shew you the true picture, without making a figure in it myself. Thus, upon the principle of friendly information, you may expect to hear some high-drawn accounts of what is transacting in this great City "under the rose," while what is said and done "above board" shall be the subjects of my letters to my family. Heaven only knows what is to happen to me in my rambles, but I am particularly pleased to reflect that I have as much health, cash, and good spirits, as any young fellow in England. As I scribble this upon the road, while the horses are baiting, I can only intend it as an instance of my sincere regard for you, omitting no opportunity of writing to you, even before I have written a syllable to my brothers and sisters. If you wish to know any thing about the more serious and sober circumstances

of

of my excursions, such as relate to ministers, politicians, justices, attornies, masquerades, gaming-houses, public places, and other *gravely ludicrous* subjects, you must desire to look over the letters I shall from time to time send to *them*, for I once again repeat, that for my dear Charles Crony's private eye I shall reserve all the joy, fun, frolic, and jollity of my correspondence. In this promise, therefore, I subscribe myself, dear Charles,

Your old friend and companion,
London. BOB RANDAL.



L E T T E R II.

Mr. ROBERT RANDAL to his FAMILY.

Containing the first day's ramble—Adventure with a shoe-black—Remarks on the prospects of a City morning—A stroll to a Coffee-house—Curious characters there—St. James's Park—Buckingham-house—Droll display of characters—A London News-Doer—A London Divine—A new-made London Physician.

IN pursuance of my rambling resolutions, I am arrived safe in the city, and have the good fortune of meeting Mr. Smart, my cousin,

not only in perfect health, but also so undetached from business, that he says he shall be my most obedient servant for a month. He is a youth of great penetration, knows (I find) every corner of the town, is familiar with the most interesting scenes, and is determined to go arm in arm with me through the whole city and its environs; so that you will, no doubt, congratulate me upon the prospect of my approaching pleasure. You remember that on the very day I received the news of my ticket's coming up a prize of five thousand pounds, I determined (having a good estate before this windfall) to indulge a long meditated design of sporting a fair five hundred of it, in making such an excursion to the metropolis as might not only gratify my curiosity, but entertain at the same time both my eyes and my heart. I am my own master, and do not care the snap of a finger at being called a whimsical fellow. Every man has a right to make himself, innocently, as happy as he possibly can, and to lay out his money as he thinks proper.

Notwithstanding I love every one of you at old Gooze's Green most affectionately, and really believe that you have all the same degree of regard for me; yet, independent as I am, and long as my scheme has been projected, I had not the courage to acquaint you with the particulars of it by word of mouth. I told you,
indeed,

indeed, that I would go to the metropolis, but I did not delineate to you the whole of the motives that led me thither. You would call me romantic and idle, and I have a kind of temper that equally hates controul and altercation; to prevent which I reserved the communication of my principal views in this journey till after my arrival, when I could do it by letter.

My views, then, in this excursion, are, I flatter myself, my good friends, equally new and laudable. I shall begin my ramble, with Heaven's permission, after the balms of a good night's rest, to-morrow morning; that is, if the weather permits; for, as I mean to walk, I shall only venture abroad when I am invited by the sun. Here follows a kind of rude sketch of my plan.

SKETCH of my PLAN, to regulate me in my ramble round the CITY of LONDON.

1. TO set out every fine morning at seven o'clock to such parts of the town as my fancy shall direct.

2. To put five guineas every morning in my purse, for the use of merit, beauty, virtue, or ingenuity of any kind, in distress or in obscurity, as fortune or Providence shall, in the course of my day's ramble, offer to my attention.

3. To visit all the public places *once*, and all public buildings of any consequence to the cause, either of our national charity, religion, or humanity.

4. To enter as much as I can into such clubs, societies, and companies, as are by their nature and institutions most likely to promote my knowledge of City maxims and City manners.

5. To write an account of every day's adventure, in a letter addressed to some one of my family at Gooze's Green, on my return at nights, or at the earliest opportunity afterwards.

6. To make the whole of my correspondence a faithful register of what is really worthy the attention of my country acquaintance, and exhibit to them a candid picture of the great and celebrated metropolis of which I am at present, and design for some time to be, a rational spectator.

And now, my good friends, you know my whole designs, which, methinks, rather deserve your praise than your censure. Cousin Smart is highly delighted, and protests he did not before know there was such a noble spirit of knight-errantry in the blood of the Randals; and John Trusty blesses his stars that he can handle a quill, because, says John, " I have
it

it in mind to scribble a bit about matters, as well as my master."

But cousin Smart summons me to supper, which reminds me of wishing you a good repose, and putting an end to this my first introductory kind of a letter from,

My dear friends in general,

Your most affectionate

ROBERT RANDAL,



L E T T E R III.

JOHN TRUSTY *to his* FRIEND.

DEAR FRANK,

HAVE just been pulling off master's boots, and putting a letter into Post-house, whereto master Smart's man (and a *smart* man he is) shewed me. The letter, I find, signifies, that master's family is to know and to hear what he may happen to see. I understand, moreover, that I am to go to all sights and places the same as *he*; so that what is worth writing about, you may stand a chance to hear from

Your friend,

JOHN TRUSTY.



L E T T E R IV.

Mr. RANDAL *to his* FAMILY.

I Have been very fortunate, and if you receive as much entertainment from the recital, as I did from the adventures recited, then you will not repent my promise of punctual correspondence.

But I wave apology, and begin directly upon my subject. The morning rising as gay and auspiciously as I could wish, I put the allotted sum of money in my purse, had the satisfaction of my guide, Mr. Smart, by my side, and my old Trusty was ordered to follow me closely. It was striking seven as we went from my cousin's house, which, you know, is situated in the centre of the city. I find already the advantages of having amused myself with good books: I had not been a minute in the streets, before the bustle of the prospect before me put me in mind of the following description, which, I do assure you, is similar to that I saw this morning.

Now hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach:
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own:

The

The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
 The youth * with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
 The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
 Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet :
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the
 street.

The turnkey now his flock returning fees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees :
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag, with satchels in their hands.

But I must now tell you wherein my adventure varied from this description. About eight o'clock every foot that was trained to business, whether of man or of beast, appeared to be in motion, and I could not but feel the strongest emotions of surprise at the general agitation that surrounded me.

Wherever you choose to go, said my cousin, I will cheerfully follow; whatever appears mysterious to you, I will as cheerfully explain.

I told him that for the present morning I would content myself with making general observations, and stop at any shop or place that

* To find old nails.

most invited my curiosity. I had scarce declared my intention, before that very curiosity was vigorously taken captive by the offers of a poor one-handed and no-legged creature, who with a smiling face made an offer to *polish my boots*, which (you know) wet or dry, hot or cold, I always walk in. Though they had already undergone the discipline of the brush and blackball, there was a courtesy in the fellow's offer that made it impossible to resist him, and knowing my cousin's design to comply with all my humours, I set my foot upon a little stool that he had prepared for the purpose. How shall I acquaint you, my dear relations, that this tatter'd and mangled creature whistled as he worked, laughed when I told him I pitied his misfortune, and declared that he rejected an hospital, because he loved to be his own master even yet; and though he lost his limbs for his King, he would be supported only by himself! I have chosen, said the shoe-black, a very humble employment, but it was never my lot to rise from the *foot* to the horse, and so I must *brush* on as well as my stumps will let me: God bless my King and my customers, huzza, huzza, huzza! Here he flourished his brush, and proceeded to polish them. And are you happy, said I, good man? As the days are long, replied the invalid: I earn enough to keep me out of debt and bad weather; I have an old woman at home who
always.

always provides something comfortable against my return in the evening; I sleep sound, and I rub the shoe of many a person that has a silver buckle, and an aching heart.

I put into the hand of this happy shoe-black a shilling, as the first offering of my sensibility, and turned my eye upon a different, but equally delightful scene. A variety of people of both sexes came loaded with little baskets, in which were the various productions of the neighbouring gardens. They had been making the necessary purchases for the day, and each seemed delighted with his particular marketings. It was really pretty to see the collection of fruits or flowers, vegetables or vernal ornaments, bestowed in the baskets. Methought I could delineate the temper of the bearer from the contents of his basket; and I diverted my cousin and Trusty not a little by attempting this. That man, said I, who is laden with the colliflowers and cabbages, is, no doubt, the servant of some epicure, who had rather gratify his belly than regale his nose; while the young woman who paces nimbly before him is, ten to one, the handmaid of some person who is to adorn her chimney and window-seats with the roses and tulips, and other beautiful flowers, which are so nicely deposited in little fragrant bundles, within her basket. As I passed on a few steps farther, I saw the morning market of vegetables now

almost over, yet sufficient still remained to attract and amaze a stranger. Trusty said, that Gooze's Green could never grow one half of the vegetables, were it all laid out into garden-ground. It was beautiful to see how busy, active, and diligent every one was for the benefit of their respective families. But what chiefly pleased me was, the reflection of seeing trade and pleasure thus apparently go hand in hand, just as they should do, like two friends determined to engage earnestly in each other's interest. It was plain how mutually London and the country depended on one another, and what a strict political as well as social compact there was betwixt them.

The felicity of a ramble in the metropolis is, that a speculative man need never pause for entertainment, nor can he at any time complain that his amusement is too long continued on the same scale. New objects are every moment, from the dawn of the day to the close of the night, and even all night long, shifting a most interesting succession before him; and if he has capacity or penetration, he can never want a proper variety to give the edge to his researches.

We now proposed regaling ourselves with a Coffee-house breakfast; and as Trusty was an old servant and out of livery, permitted him upon these privileges, at my cousin's earnest entreaty,

entreaty, to be of our party, rather as a friend; and in this capacity he shall continue in various other of our ambulations.

A great number of people were at breakfast upon our entrance into this place. Without much attending to the hum of various voices that assailed my ears, I entertained my eyes with looking over a news-paper of the morning. What a hodge-podge was there! what a farrago of broken limbs, robberies, lottery-tickets, ladies luxuries, murders, deaths, births and marriages, *biggledy-piggledy* together! At length hearing several voices distinctly issuing from the next box to that in which we sat, I began to listen. The lovers of peace, and the lovers of war—the lovers of money, and the lovers of politics, were all at it tooth and nail. With every sip of their tea or coffee they seemed to start a new subject. The Stock-jobber pretended to criticise the blunders of the Prime Minister; the Citizen suspended the subject of *cent. per cent.* in order to have a blow at the Rebels, while a third forgot his calling, in order to have a blow at his Majesty. The K—, says one, (familiarily striking his neighbour on the shoulder, and squinting his eye) the K— is an ignoramus. That I deny, said his neighbour, he is a very accomplished, sensible man, and I'm for the House of Hanover. Here's a cursed war for you, cries a second; commerce, Sir,

is at her last gasp; trade is in the agonies; and if we continue to play the cut-throats much longer, the duce a thing will London be good for. You know but little of the matter, answers a third; this American war is the best *job* that ever happened for this country; and long, very long, may it continue, say I.

The jargon of this political debate was a little subsided, when I observed Trusty in conversation with a thin shabby-looking man in the next box but one, who afterwards shook Trusty by the hand and disappeared.

Trusty told me he had desired him to lend him a shilling, promising to return again in five minutes, upon which promise the credulous Trusty, more kind than wise, put his hand into his pocket, and lent him *two* shillings. You will not, I suppose, expect that this hero ever made his second appearance while we staid at the coffee-house, where nobody either knew him, or ever remember to have seen him before.

The laugh was against poor Trusty, who consoled himself by saying, if he met him, he would certainly have his money, or else he would thrash the villain; unless, cried Trusty, he can prove to me that he was very hungry; and in that case he would only give him a fillip or two upon the ear for telling a lye, and not asking for charity, like an honest man.

This circumstance and our breakfast over, we were just going out, and had proceeded almost as far as the door, when a tall man, with a beard perfectly grey and sweeping his breast, came into the room, with a little portable box of sealing-wax in one hand, and some cane-strings in the other. As I was not provided with wax, and knew what particular occasions I had for it, I took a couple of sticks from the Israelite, and was about to pay for them, when my cousin hinted to me the prudence of trying one of them first, which I had no sooner done, than I discovered it to be the vilest composition that ever was vended; and I almost spoiled my seal in making the impression. Let this be a caution to my countrymen and to my family, should it be any of their fates at any future opportunity to visit this city.

Things that are sold disproportionably cheap are seldom good for any thing. This Jew offered me his wax at three-pence a stick, when a cart-load of them was not worth three farthings.

We now set forward, refreshed and able to go through the future enterprizes of the day. Nothing very material happened till we came into

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Which my curiosity, and more than all, Trusty's repeated entreaties, induced me to take

take a view of, the very first day. It was a most charming morning, and to speak poetically,

“ Seem’d as if sent t’ invite the world abroad.”

Great expectations are generally disappointed: such was the case at present, as to the pleasure I expected from a survey of this celebrated place; and yet I saw it under every possible advantage; for the trees were in all the dignity of their broadest expansion of leaf, and the breezes were just enough frolicksome to give them a rural motion.

I have certainly seen much nobler ranges of trees, and of trees more majestic in their nature. The celebrated walks of this Park are shaded only by the common wych tree; and to a man accustomed to groves of oak, these are not attracting. I was extremely hurt—all, even all that was British about me was hurt, on seeing at the end of this extensive Mall a shabby piece of ordinary brick building, which is called, I find,

BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

When my cousin told me this was the residence of the British King, I felt myself blush either at his want of taste, or want of loyalty in his *people*. Trusty burst out into a fit of laughter. *That*, said I, is *that* the residence of the Royal Family? that nutshell of a building, crammed as it is into a corner, crouded into a nook, as if it was afraid of the company that frequent the Park? Where,
cousin,

cousin, is the majestic columns, the imperial front, the august display of kingly architecture? It looks like Majesty in disgrace; or, rather, it looks as if the people of England were enjoying the pomps of the subject, while they thought any thing good enough for their Sovereign.

This unmajestical hut denoted such apparent disrespect in the subject, that I was naturally led to enquire into the *London* character of the owner of this petty mansion. Is he, amongst you Londoners, esteemed a good FATHER? said I. *Excellent*, rejoined my cousin;—a tender Husband? *Unequalled*, said Mr. Smart;—a kind *Master*? Remarkably so;—a wise, politic, prudent, able, and sagacious Prince? Is he all these too, cousin? said I.—Heaven bless us, rejoined Mr. Smart, how the Park begins to thicken since we have been criticising the Palace!

The Lord have mercy upon us! said Trusty, such a Palace, indeed! why I've seen a set of stables* that shall beat his Majesty's mansion-house all to nothing.

By this time astonishingly resurgent was the confluence of carriages and company. The richness of the dresses, the beauty of several of the figures, the lustre of the sun, the verdure of the trees, several instruments of fifes, drums, &c. that were pleasingly varied in their tunes,

* Let the reader call to mind those of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn-Abbey.

up and down the walks, the gildings of the chariots, and the general satisfaction that diffused itself over every face, seemed to vie with each other. Amidst this agreeable rivalry, this splendid jealousy, we were delighted spectators; and that we might see the manners of the place, we sat ourselves socially down upon one of the benches in the centre. My cousin promised to give me the succinct history of those he knew, as they passed in review before him; and, as kind luck would have it, a great number of such as he had considerable knowledge of were present.

That black, shabby-coated character, said he, that you behold walking solitarily beside us, with the snuff settled upon his bosom, is what they call a *News-Doer*; see how slow and deliberate he walks! while his wig is thrown half over his face, for the benefit of his ears. As soon as he finds a knot of people got together, you shall observe him circle round them, or walk backwards and forwards within ear-shot, in order to register the minutes of their conversation upon little dirty pieces of paper that is tucked in his bosom; or else you shall observe him following a party of females that talk loud; and the next morning you shall perhaps read half a column of tittle-tattle of that very fellow's *doing*. *Doing!* said I, my dear cousin, and are our public news-papers *done* after that manner? Oh, my friend, replied Mr. Smart, not a

fiftieth part of the readers of a news-paper can conceive how they are manufactured. You gentlemen who read them in the country, in particular, have no notion what malicious creatures are employed by the Printers to collect, to make, to mend, or to *unmake* paragraphs. That very skeleton that has just passed, shall breakfast, for instance, upon the account of a broken limb, dine upon a death, sup upon a marriage that never happened, and sleep upon a robbery that never was committed. Oh Lord ! Sir, London is a strange place, and you must look with a keen eye, and stay in it a great while, before you will be a master of half its expedients ; half the shifts of the indigent, or half the lazinesses of the luxurious. But hush, said my cousin, here's a whole string of characters that I am acquainted with ; see, their eyes have caught me, and they bow : that on the right-hand side, the nearest to Trusty, is a Divine of the Church of England, remarkable for his eloquence upon the subject of Charity ; equally distinguished for saying much, and doing nothing ; he bids his congregation *give*, but makes a rule never to part with a penny himself. Nor is the man with the large wig (after the fashion of the last age) in the least behind-hand with him, in point of morals : he is neither more nor less than a Scotch Judge, but now retired (on account of his infirmities) from the Bench. After having
hanged,

hanged, drawn and quartered for whim, caprice, or rather than "eat his mutton cold," he is now retired upon the comforts of a pension. He has been suspected of making the law yield more than once, to favour his *amorous* passions; and it is even whispered that he once saved a notorious offender, for secret services granted by that offender's *wife*. Such, Mr. Randal, is the influence of certain favours. The middle-aged man on the other side is a Physician, neat as imported; look how he smells to his cane, criticises the tick of his watch, twitches his enormous periwig, and looks, to use the language of Shakespeare, as who should say, "I am Sir Oracle; and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!" I remember him, about four years ago, a very worthy, modest, diffident, and skilful man, who used to walk on foot; but *then*, alas! his virtues starved him; he could not, Sir, get salt to his porridge. He laboured, studied, and footed it in vain; he fell a victim to the obscurity of his situation, and all his ingenuity was under a cloud. Although he frequently sought out the sick to relieve them, his benevolence was rewarded only by the poor; and he was in too much *poverty* himself to be employed by the *rich*. At last a relation luckily died, and bequeathed him a legacy of 500*l.* with which he was advised to set up a chariot, add a sounding syllable to his name, assume an air of importance,

ance, and substitute parade for knowledge. This did the business in a hurry, and he has now a very splendid set of customers and connections.

It was now time for us to go home to dinner; and I employed the rest of the day in writing to my good friends this account. Farewell.

ROBERT RANDAL.



L E T T E R V.

'SQUIRE RANDAL to CHARLES CRONY, *Gent.*

The first night's ramble—Covent-garden characterized.—Ladies of love and money described.—The Red Riding-habit.—The Blue Posts.—Story of Sandy-haired Sally displaying the science of pimping and culling—With the humours of King's Place.

DEAR CRONY,

I Have told my brothers and sisters what was done in the *day*, but I shall tell only such honest fellows as you what hath been done in the *nights*. You shall be, as it were, my *nocturnal* correspondent; and to you I mean, according to promise, to devote all those humorous descriptions, glowing scenes, and warm views,
that

that I may be a spectator of, after the friendly curtain of the dark gives me up to snugness and security, and observation. Several things well worth notice already have happened. I left Trusty to amuse himself as he thought proper, while cousin Smart and I set forward for the curious criticisms that offered themselves near the porticos of Covent-garden.

When the town is thin, you must know, Charles, and the people of gallantry are retired to recruit their health and fortunes in the country (against the attacks of the winter) the ladies of *obliging* natures and *tender feelings* are compelled to be doubly assiduous, and let no art escape them to catch and captivate the passenger. Upon these occasions they have the eye of a hawk, and the vigilance of a lynx. They know a *countryman* at a glance, and my cousin gave me particular injunctions to keep near him. The piazza leading to the Theatre seems to be a place of particular resort for these fair ones. Under this shelter they walk backwards and forwards in search of prey; and there are generally three or four fellows that I find are their bullies. My cousin Smart is as knowing a youth in these matters as any lad in London. I have been *upon the town*, you must know, (said he) I have been upon the town upwards of three years; and I know all the old faces, however *furbished* or *vamped*. Let us take a turn quietly,

(as

{as close to the lamps as possible) and I will give you some amusement.

Behold (said he, in continuation) that fine tall elegant figure, close by the door of the B-df--d Coffee-house; she was not long ago the property of a field officer, retired to enjoy his last and his laurels; her beauty made her tenderly esteemed by the Colonel, till about two months ago he came unawares into his Dulcinea's apartment, and found her in a situation not to be defended; upon which he made her a handsome present, notwithstanding her infidelity, and she is now again a wanderer in the streets, where, indeed, such an inconstant and ungrateful jade deserves to be. But now, pray look at that nymph in an embroidered jacket, who appears just as if she was come off a journey, said Mr. Smart.

Why, is she not just been riding, then, said I? *Riding!* no, my dear Randal, replied my cousin, I question whether she was ever on the back of a horse since she was born; but many of our town flirts choose that dress, partly for the sake of variety, partly because it has an air of singularity; and perhaps, sometimes, because they think it gives an elegance to their shapes. This girl had never the luck to be in the good graces of any particular person; and, indeed, her natural temper is so inconstant, that she professes to hate a second visit from the finest man breathing; though I think I have heard it whispered,
that

that she has now her *favourite man*, who, it seems, is a bailiff's follower.

Observe that proud, portly lady, who is now sallying with her arms a-kembo into the K—g's Arms Tavern (a noted receptacle for these Dulcineas.) *That* very woman was one of the most celebrated ladies of her time; she is now, you see, preposterously corpulent; her name is B—y—d, at present an inhabitant of the *Garden*; but I remember some two years ago when she kept her black footman, her pair of cream-coloured horses, and her gay gilt chariot. The young fellow who lives at the sugar-baker's within two doors of my house in C--n-n-street, had the honour to take a glass of wine with her last Sunday evening, and she told him the whole story of her being first reduced to come on the town; and a very curious history it is, I can assure you. If you have a mind to hear it, we will step into the Two Blue Posts in the adjoining street, and there we shall be snug as long as we please.

The Two Blue Posts

is, my dear Crony, it seems, a noted house of amusement for the middling sort of good-natured lasses, who take the walks betwixt Catherine-street, Long-acre, and the other famous hundreds of old Drury.

As soon as my cousin and I were commodiously seated, he began thus to describe the *private* and, as he says, *public* adventures of

Mrs. BERRYLAND,
Alias SANDY-HAIRED SALLY.

“ WHEN this Sandy Sally, alias Mrs. Berryland, was thirteen years old, she fell a victim to the irresistible attractions of a link-boy, who, I suppose, won her easy heart in the lighting of his lamp. This fond pair cohabited in the region of St. Giles’s, for the space of a whole year, during which time, finding the profits arising from the link insufficient to support the naturally expensive and high-flown vanities of his lady, who resolved to flame more resplendently than the link itself, he was, in the furor of his passion, reduced to other means of supplying his exigences. *These* means were, to levy contributions on the public, by going, when the sun was gone to bed, upon his Majesty’s highway, and insisting upon the watches, purses, &c. of such as travelled at an unseasonable hour.

Very short, however, was his career: he blazed and went out. In other words, my friend, the indefatigable Sir JOHN FIELDING, the Justice whom Providence has painted blind (perhaps in order to support his character) soon set his myrmidons after our hero, and pursued him through all his mazes, till he was laid by the heels in Newgate; the building, of which you this morning saw the remains. At the next sessions he was committed for transportation.

His disconsolate Sally paid him a visit one evening in prison; and there, after they had saluted each other, Sally, said he, look you here, my dear, his Majesty has made me a present of a new-fashioned stock, which, they tell me, will last clean, without either washing or ironing, for 20 years; lookee, an't it a fine invention? But the K— always had a mechanical head, and I hope he'll get a patent for it. I think we'll call him the R-y-I Stock-maker. This hardened fellow, however, shed the real tears of affection for Sally when the hour of separation approached, and they parted like fond but unfortunate lovers. The very first night afterwards, however, it became necessary for her to seek a new master; and as she was tripping by the doors of the HAYMARKET THEATRE, one of those old commodes came to her, and chucking her kindly under the chin, invited her very charitably (after carrying her under the lamps to survey her face, breast, leg, foot, &c.) to go and take a bed at a house of her acquaintance, as the song says, “ And all for charity.”

This very acquaintance of her's was no other than the sa—or rather infamous Mrs. M-tch-l, in King's Place, who, finding her young, handsome, and not much *handled*, nor *ever damaged*, thought she would be a sure sale for the foreigners, and so gave the old convenient pimp five pieces for the purchase.

Sally

Sally was now in high life, and changed her name to Mrs. Berryland. Mother M-tch-l observed the maxim of the sisterhood, by getting the poor devil in debt, before she suffered any creature but her own Nuns to see her; and so, with the joint assistance of the mantua-maker, milliner, friseur (who furnished her with about ten guineas worth of hair, &c. &c.) she was at last equipped for the *Flesh-market*, now about the 15th year of her age. In the course of about two months, her ingenious patroness put her off to six different customers as a virgin. These customers were all rich, superannuated, lecherous characters, who paid high for the deceit, and were not able to detect it. But now comes the very cream of her history, pray observe:

M-tch-l had engaged her to meet three young gentlemen on one evening, appointing the interviews at such hours as might not interfere with the recreations of either; and, by this dexterity of arrangement, she imagined the whole business of the night might be carried on without confusion. As the devil would have it, the impatience of their desires prompted two of them to come sooner than the hour agreed upon, and it happened that their coaches both stopped at the door, in the same instant. They were both rather too much mellowed by the sunshine of the tavern, and eagerly desired to pluck the

fruit of pleasure and beauty; without any ceremony, therefore, they went into the Abbess's house, who had a surprising presence of mind upon all occasions; and therefore, without expressing any suspicious surprise, received her friend's very composedly, telling one of them (in a whisper) that his lady would be ready at the hour, and then whispering the same secret into the ear of the other. Our young high-mettled sparks, however, were not in a humour at present to be tampered with; and (though they never dreamed that they were in search of the very same object) they both swore that the wench was in the house. I'll lay a hundred guineas, said one of them very loud, that Sal Berryland is now in the house, and I'll have her, d——n my eyes. Sal Berryland! said the other, still louder; what the devil have you to do with her, Sir? she's *my* property to-night; and d——m——n seize me if the universal world shall prevent my possession of her. And what the devil (echoed a voice in a horrible tone from an adjoining parlour) what the devil have *either* of you to do with Sal Berryland? Here the third gentleman opened the door, with the identical lass, whom he had been regaling, under his arm, and drawing his sword, desired to know who would pretend any sort of proprietorship in the company and person of that lady, till he had done with her? This question produced as bold
a reply;

a reply; and that reply occasioned such a rejoinder, as soon brought on a most bloody and destructive battle. The heroes had all a right to wear stars upon their coats, and they all thought themselves highly insulted. Inflamed by that opinion, the two that were *bilked* drew their weapons, and were proceeding to violence. In this situation the artful matron fell upon her knees, made a fair confession, and begged forgiveness. Our heroes seeing the real object of all the mischief, turned all their *fury* towards *her*, and instead of cutting one another's throats, wreaked their vengeance upon—not the person, but the *property* of the matron. They therefore exerted the full strength of their arms, and made a furious attack, sword in hand, upon the pier glasses, most luxuriously ornamented; they struck the pictures of the nuns, demolished the mahogany chairs, destroyed the polished tables, and levelled every thing that was valuable or damageable with the ground. In the midst of this confusion, the conquering hero, who had been happy with his *Dulcinea*, retreated quietly with the charmer, and left the other offended parties to settle matters as they thought proper.

With this youth, who, I do assure you, is a celebrated orator in the House of C--m--s, she resided as his kept mistress for some time, in all the voluptuousness of her situation. But fate seemed to have pre-determined her for a life of

precarious dependence, and variety of adventure. She was one evening at the tragedy of *All for Love*, when she fell into company with a young fellow in the green boxes, who soon made terms of accommodation, and they both withdrew after the second act to have five minutes friendly conversation at the Rose Tavern in D—y-l—e, leading into the Playhouse. Here, after a play of a different nature, they returned, and were so very cordial before the fall of the curtain, that she was resolved to sacrifice every thing to her new charmer, who afterwards proved to be no other than the late and famous *Sixteen-stringed Jack*.

Their connexion was soon discovered by the noble keeper; for the young highwayman presented his doxy with a certain polite distemper, which she, with equal liberality, communicated to her friend, who, being by such means put upon his guard, watched the excursions of the lady, and soon traced her to the very arms of the other hero. They were now obliged to live totally together; and that Jack might keep her with a splendour that should rival even that of the Nobleman, he made more frequent visits to the country, and by constantly travelling with a charge, he met great success, and freely shared his pious profits with her. He was, however, at last compelled to follow the rigid commands of Mr. Ketch, and then his lady was again
adrift

adrift upon the theatre of the world. After various shifts and enterprizes, she is now, what you have just seen her, a fat, unweildly piece of iniquity, and by no means to be recommended even in the way of her profession; for, dead to all the remains of delicacy, decency, or good faith of any kind, she will pick your pocket even while you are embracing her; and if you was to find her out, she would smile in your face, turn the matter off with a saucy laugh, and tell you she was only in jest.

Here my cousin finished his account of Sandy-haired Sally, and then we were gratified (as spectators) with scenes so truly *nouvelle* and burlesque, that they will certainly be highly entertaining to my dear Crony; but this must be the subject of another letter from your old companion,

BOB RANDAL.



L E T T E R VI.

BOB RANDAL to CHARLES CRONY.

The RAMBLE continued.

HOW wonderfully the city differs from the country in respect to points of carnal amusement! In our town, you know, my dear Crony, we are obliged to be as secret as a tomb when we are inclined to have a bit of an intrigue; but here, in this free place, the mask is thrown off, and as soon as the lamps are lighted, the doors of these condescending mansions stand invitingly open, and a broad passage, with a lustre in the middle, seems to say, Here, gentlemen, walk in, walk in; this is the way to love, lust, and luxury. The owners or proprietors of such houses are so far from being in the least degree ashamed to see you if you bring a female friend in your hand, that they welcome you instantly, and conduct you without any ceremony into a bedchamber; and then very civilly shutting the door, leave you together.

The woman that sat at the bar of the Blue Posts was the most porpoise-looking creature that ever had a cap on; and she directly asked us, upon my cousin's coming out of a little room, after he had finished his story, whether we wanted ladies, or a single bed for two gentlemen. She had no sooner said this, than before we had time to reply, a couple of half-seas-over blades came staggering up to the bar, and demanded a brace of wenches; upon which the old fat lady rung the bell for a waiter, who was ordered to fetch, in a twinkle, a couple of nuns out of Hedge-lane, Bet Brazen and Charlotte Cheap; and if they are in bed, order them to rise, because the gentlemen are in a hurry. While we were amusing ourselves with these transactions, in came a party of nymphs with flaming top-knots, hats set upright upon mountains of hair, painted cheeks, and bare bosoms. They were, however, every one of them pretty, plump, and well-made, and every thing that a man could desire, but chaste and well-mannered. Curse you, you old Mother Barrowflesh, give us a quatern a-piece; not a cull to be found to-night for love or money. After they had tossed off the gin, they sallied out again into the streets in search of prey, hoping, they said, that when they next came in they should every mother's child of them have a spark in their hand. After these were gone, came in several sickly, languid-

looking creatures, with tawdry dresses, torn shoes, second-hand cloaks, and dirty caps. Those were almost past the market; and when they asked the landlady to trust them with sixpenny-worth, she said they should have made hay while the sun shone, and then swore that she would not trust them a farthing. By this time the two lasses of obedience that were sent for, arrived at the word of command, and being shewn to the young fellows who were waiting for them, instantly claimed old acquaintanceship, and placed themselves lovingly by the side of their heroes.

Their familiarity, however, was even sufficient to disgust two drunken men; for these girls, even before us, began to fondle, kiss, play with bosoms, sing indecent catches, and proceed to such sacred matters, as made their sparks desire them to be quiet. One of the young fellows, therefore, reels up to the Bar-woman, and in a furious tone demands to know how she had the impudence to recommend two such immodest wretches to old customers. Upon this the old lady begins to apologize, and sallying up to the girls began as follows: Come, ladies, it won't do, my friends don't like you; you are too blasted; walk off, walk off—and if old Sir Thomas Lecher or Jerry Lovedamn comes to-night, I'll send Wheezy for you again.

As





As soon as the nymphs were gone, the porter set out a woman-hunting for the second time, and soon returned with a pair of smart dames, indeed. My cousin happening, as usual, to know them, took me to another end of the room, and gave these sketches of their stories.

That lass, said he, who looks so demure and shy, and pretends to hang down her head, and fix her eyes upon the ground, is at this very time in keeping with an eminent hair-dresser at the other end of the town; but as these kept girls are hardly ever constant to their keepers, she is no doubt come abroad in the hair-dresser's absence, to see *whom* and *what* she can pick up by way of pocket-money, considering what she gets by the bye-blows as so much neat cash. She is one of those who imagines she finds it better answer her purpose to keep the appearance of modesty, than to be downright impudent; and, for ought I know, she gets better custom by this affectation than if she was the very reverse. Her name is Smith, and the hair-dresser allows her three guineas a week, besides paying for her lodgings. It is reported that he seduced her away from the arms of a certain Duke near Grosvenor-square, who was a customer of the hair-dresser's. What a prudish coyness she puts on! how she pretends to shrink back from her spark as he goes to salute her!

Aye, aye, well said, Lucy, thou art as bad as the worst of them, for all that.

But who is the other nymph, cousin Smart, said I?

That, replied my cousin, is the well-known Miss Kitty L——r. Her history is too long to tell you at present; for see, here is more company coming in, and it is now time to go home for the night.

As we had spent a great deal of time in observing the various and strange humours of the Blue Posts, the watchman was acquainting the town that it was 12 o'clock, as we were crossing Catherine-street, that leads us into the Strand. There was not by any means, however, a sign of the hour in the streets, for the Strand thronged with females even yet; who were either pacing wretchedly up and down the pavement; or else standing in noisy quarrellsome clusters at several of the doors. A party of drunken blades were also indulging themselves in retorting upon the poor creatures the most disgusting language: two or three women were huddled in a darkish entry, and were proceeding to strip a lad of about fourteen years of age, who had been on a message for his master; and from this disaster we relieved him, even just as they had got off his coat, waistcoat, stockings, and stock.

Here

Here and there, as we got farther into the town, we beheld two or three straggling wretches sleeping upon bulks; other ill-looking people were skulking in different bye alleys, to see if they could take advantage of the watchman's drowsiness or distance, to seize upon some vagrant passenger. After we had taken notice of these objects, we made the best of our way home; and I was very glad to retire to a good bed, and forget for a few hours all the folly, madness, infatuation, and infamy, to which I had been a witness.

I shall resume the pen of friendship again very soon.

Mean time I am,

Dear Crony,

Your's,

BOB RANDAL.

LETTER



L E T T E R VII.

JOHN TRUSTY to his FRIEND.

Medley of humorous and shrewd remarks upon Newspapers—Bridewell—Bailiffs—Lawyers—Executions—Marriages—Divorces—Quacks—Beggars—Foote—Garrick—Players—Singers—Jugglers, and Shew-men.

DEAR OLD FRIEND FRANK,

AS I walked up and down the streets of this huge city, I took notice of a thousand things which astonished me, and some which put me at my wit's end, particularly the following points, which I shall deliver to you in my brief, blunt, country-fashioned manner of writing. My master's cousin lives about six or eight rod off what they call the Royal-Exchange, where, about two o'clock in the afternoon, all the nations of the earth, as I may say, gather together. Jews, Gentiles, Turks, and Saracens, as they call 'em, are all in a heap and a hubbub. At night I walked out, and the fine painted, draggle-tailed madams came up to my very door, and

and looked as brazen at me as a Birmingham halfpenny. At the windows of the Coffee-houses, as they call 'em, I saw young and old sipping of all manner of sippings, and reading all manner of news-papers; for ought I know, all the news of the whole world is in every one of these same Coffee-houses, and it comes piping-hot and fresh every day, ready for people to take with their bread and butter: your Londoners cannot breakfast without them, I'm told. In passing through a number of the streets, and little snug passages in particular, I saw women standing under a kind of shed, with a kettle and tea-cups, and bread and butter, for folks to breakfast in public. To-morrow I am to see a man stand in the pillory for taking another man's hand in vain, without asking leave; and this afternoon I am to have the pleasure of seeing the young ladies beat hemp in the New Bridewell, which they say is now quite full of the finest women in all England.

I saw, about ten minutes ago, one man run after another, and after he had caught him he swore he would lock him up; and I afterwards found this was a bailiff, who had caught a poor fellow of a debtor not worth a shilling in the world. I went into Westminster-hall, and there I saw such a clutter of Counsellors and Lawyers—just drest for all the world like so many Parsons; and yet, for all their black
dresses,

dressies, and white well-starched bands, I don't hear that there's any such thing as religion or justice among 'em—then, such wigs! Lord have mercy upon us—they're *e'en almost* as long, as large, as lusty, and as curlified, as the ladies hair. But of all the sights most worthy note since I came to town, was what I have been at about twenty minutes ago: Ah, Frank, Frank—hanging, drowning, cutting throats, dying, damning, and every thing is going forward in this same City of London: about twelve o'clock I beheld as handsome, proper a man, as ever the sun shone on, dolefully taking his last airing in a sledge, only for making money, when nobody would give him any *ready made*; this I cannot but account extremely hard. He was as fair-looking a youth as ever you beheld, as indeed you might see by the cries, sighs, and sobbings as he slowly paced towards the fatal spot, where, by the same token, I lost my silk pocket-handkerchief that I had bought for sister Alice but an hour before. I stood almost under the gallows, and there some thief run away with my property.

You can't conceive how confounded expensive the folks are here.—Why, would you believe it, Frank? a fellow will ask you for a shilling—aye, and ask for it saucily too—if he goes with a letter of half an ounce weight about a couple of hundred yards. I forgot to tell you,
however,

however, that the young man that was hanged this morning died as penitent as a priest; but as he took up a good deal of time to say his prayers, to sing psalms, and make his last confession, the folks began to be weary, and several of them went away damning him for living so long, and spoiling their dinners. But the best of the joke was, the hawkers of ballads and bloody murders, &c. were running about round the very gallows, to sell his last dying words, before he was turned off, and, indeed, before he had said a syllable. When the pickpockets, pimps, parson, had all done their business, and when Jack Ketch had *broke the neck of his argument*, as I may say, he proceeded to plunder the pockets of the criminal, and fairly sold the coat, waistcoat and breeches of the dead man by auction; taking care to secure a pair of silver buckles, and the hat, which had a gold binding, like our hunting gentry in the country. You would have been surprized to see how all the doors and windows leading to Tyburn were hung with faces, eyes, and noses, to enjoy the glorious sight of a fellow-creature going to be swung by the neck. Many people who had a notion of staying to see the end of it, had provided themselves with pockets full of neats-tongues, slices of ham, oranges, and what they here call *polonies*, which are *à'en almost* like our sausages or hogs puddings; and just as the cart was

was

was drawn away, and the man began to dangle like a joint of meat on a string, the folks began to eat and shout like furies, and a general cry ran through the croud of "take care, gentlemen and ladies, of your pockets; the hangman-day villains are at work—take care of your pockets." Upon our going away, the mob began to be quarrelsome; and after that we were pelted with dead cats, rotten eggs, and all manner of vermin.

Such, Frank, is the holiday manner in which your Cocknies amuse themselves when as great a rogue as themselves is going out of the world.

In the progress I made through the town, I recollect many other strange matters. More than half the watchmen, whose business it is nightly to guard the City, are poor, decrepid, superannuated creatures, that are afraid to face a fly. I went to hear one of your great orators, as they call them, preach a funeral *serment* in the evening; and Mr. Smart's footman, who was with me, begged me to secure my pockets as I came out of church; so that I find thieves are as busy here in their *places of worship*, as underneath their *places of hanging*.

There is nothing more common than for the fine folks of this town to marry on one month, and to part by mutual consent on the next succeeding it. The news-prints tell us of half a dozen

dozen divorces every day. My friend, Mr. Smart's smart man, is a deep hand, and tells me curious stories about the tricks of the town. He says that beggars here make great fortunes in a few years, and have such strict laws amongst themselves, that they dare not go beyond their proper *stands* or begging-places: he shewed me a very fine house belonging to one of these chaps, who had built it upon the very spot where he used to ask alms for more than forty years, and now he keeps a coach, and is visited by all the quality, and is, it seems, as fine a gentleman as the best of them; aye, and dresses as gay, and is *lacified*, and *powderified*, as e'er a monkey of them all.

A stranger's curiosity, Frank, is in this town *taken captive*, as my master calls it, every moment. I have not half done my account.

I have seen and heard a trial at the Old Bailey about a rape; and because it was necessary to call every thing by its name, and much *balderdash* was expected, the place was *more fuller* of women than it had ever been known for several sessions. With regard to DOCTORS, they are here as thick as hops, and they almost all keep carriages, particularly your Dog-doctors, Corn-doctors, Bug-doctors, Teeth-doctors, Horse-doctors, and P—x-doctors.

The folks are all stark mad after plays and lottery-tickets; and a stage-player shall, I am told

told for certain, clear you no less than 30, 40, or 50 guineas a week. There's one Foote gets that at least by making people *laugh* for a couple of hours thrice a week; and another chap called Garrick, who has retired with a better fortune than the King of England, and is, they say, to be made a Parliament-man; and he has got *his* money chiefly by making folks cry. Here's a woman too, the papers say, one Mrs. Bafterdigny, or some such name, who comes all the way from Italy; and because she can sing till you can't hear her, and till she squeaks like a half-starved mouse behind an old wainscot, puts into her pocket as much as she can hold in her double hand every night, for making a quaver-piece of work at the *Pantheon*, as they call it. Nay, to say the truth, your London stage-men and shew-folks get rich here in a twinkling, tho' I'm told the folks who find out *new inventions* for the good of Old England generally starve in a garret, or else die in a prison. Why, only to see the whims and vagaries of this maggoty town—here's a parcel of people who get oceans of money by making a horse write letters as well as a parson, and by riding upon half a dozen horses at once, then tumbling to the ground, then getting up again, and all such fancies. And then, again, as to the Player-men, they are, I understand, almost always quarrelling among themselves, and think themselves of such conse-

quence, that they publish accounts of their knocking their nonsensical noddles together, and so expect all the town to be witnesses of their absurdity. I have a great deal more to say on these subjects; but as my master calls for his boots, in order to set forth again upon his frolick, I am obliged, as in duty bound, to obey his orders, and to subscribe myself,

Dear Frank,

Your humble servant,

JOHN TRUSTY.



L E T T E R VIII.

BOB RANDAL to his FAMILY.

The 'Squire gives a general account of the City of London and its environs, for the information of his country friends, being a supplement to his former letter on the manners of the Citizens.

DEAR RELATIONS,

I Do not see how I can render you more entertainment, or greater service, than by putting into order several short observations I have made in the course of my four days ramble (for this is my fifth morning) upon the buildings and beauties of London. As my former letter took some notice of the manners of the *people*, this shall present you with some sketches I have made in a hurry as to the beauty of the *place*; for, without buying several books, you will know little about it, and I can tell you all that is worth knowing in a single letter, without putting you to any expence but the postage.

I was just about setting pen to paper on this subject, when my cousin told me that I might
 spare

spare myself the pains of tasking my memory upon this occasion, as he could shew me a book where London and Westminster were described better in *four or five pages* than in any other book he ever saw or heard of, in as many volumes. As I found, upon reading this description, that the author had adhered most exactly to the truth, I set myself about making a little *abridgement* of it in his own words, and herewith inclose you such a succinct account as may be depended upon :

“ London has been derived from the ancient name Londinium, which is, perhaps, entirely Latin, and its etymology cannot easily be discovered.

“ It is a city and county of itself, in Middlesex ; the see of a Bishop, and the capital of Great-Britain, and of all the British dominions. It is the royal residence, and is situated mostly on the north bank of the river Thames ; part of it, namely, the borough of Southwark, a dependency of the city of London, being in Surry, and on the south banks of the said river. Within the city-walls and its ancient bars and gates, it takes in but a narrow compass : but if, in the general acceptation of London, we take in all that vast mass of buildings, reaching from Blackwall in the east, to Tothill-fields in the west, from London-bridge or river south, to Islington north, and from Peterborough-house on the bank-side at Westminster to Cavendish-

square, and even to Marybone; and all the new buildings by and beyond Grosvenor and Hanover squares to the Brentford road one way, to the Acton road another; a prodigy all this, of such buildings as nothing in the world does or ever did surpass, except it was old Rome in Trajan's time, when the walls of that city were said to be fifty miles in circuit, and the number of its inhabitants 6,800,000.

“ The figure of London is very irregular, being stretched out in building at the pleasure of every undertaker, for conveniency of trade, or otherwise: whereas Rome was round, with very few irregularities. Its form, however, including the city of Westminster and borough of Southwark, is nearly oblong, being about five miles in length from west to east, if measured in a direct line from Hyde-park-corner to the end of Limehouse; and upwards of six, if the streets be followed; or from Limehouse to the end of Tothill-street in Westminster, seven miles and a half. London, including the buildings on both sides the water, is in some places three miles broad from south to north, as from St. George's in Southwark to Shoreditch in Middlesex; or two miles, as from Peterborough-house to Montague-house in Great Russell-street; and in some places not half a mile, as in Wapping, and less in Rotherhithe. Several villages, formerly standing at a great distance,

are now joined to the streets by continued buildings; and more are making haste to meet in like manner, as at Deptford, Islington, Mile-End, and Newington-Butts, in Surry. But the act of parliament obtained by the City of London in the session of 1760, for widening its passages, pulling down its crowded gates, and laying it more open in many places, will probably put a stop to the rapid progress of buildings in the extreme parts of the town; since the city will be then as healthy to live in as any of the outskirts, and equally commodious; and not be so liable to such dreadful conflagrations as have happened within these few years, from too much crowded buildings.

“ Besides, Westminster is in a fair way to join hands with Chelsea, as St. Giles’s is with Marybone, and Great Russell-street, by Montague-house, with Tottenham-court. The circuit of this large mass, as taken collectively, consisting of the cities of London and Westminster, and by actual admeasurement in straight lines, may on the Middlesex and Southwark sides amount to upwards of thirty-six miles, exclusive of Greenwich, Chelsea, Knightsbridge, and Kensington.

The number of inhabitants have been variously guessed at. Maitland in 1739 computes, that within the walls and bars of the city are 725,903; but Sir William Petty, in his last

computation, supposed it to contain a million; though in this he takes in a greater compass than Maitland. And in the large circuit above-mentioned, says the author of the Tour, it may be reasonably concluded there are about 1,500,000 souls.

“ This city is under excellent regulations, particularly with regard to beggars, lights, pavements, &c. It is governed by a Lord-Mayor, twenty-five Aldermen, two Sheriffs, the Recorder, and Common-Council; their jurisdiction being confined to the city and its liberties, as also to Southwark. They are conservators of the river Thames, from Stanes-bridge, in Surry and Middlesex, to the river Medway, in Kent; and some say up to Rochester-bridge. The government of the out-parts is by Justices and the Sheriffs of London, who are likewise Sheriffs of Middlesex. The city rises gradually from the Thames bank, and stands on a gentle eminence: but the south-east and south-west parts of the town, particularly that part of the south side of the river, stand low, and at spring-tides are subject to inundations, which have sometimes happened at Westminster-hall. The streets are generally level, and the principal ones open, and extremely well built; the houses being generally of brick, and extending a considerable length. These are chiefly inhabited by tradesmen, whose houses and shops make a
much

much better appearance than commonly those do in any other city in Europe. Persons of rank commonly reside in large elegant squares, some few houses in which are of hewn stone, or plaister in imitation of it; and generally make a grand appearance. Of these are great numbers at the West end of the town, as also at St. James's palace, which, with other particulars, will more properly come under the division of WESTMINSTER.

“ What adds most to the affluence and splendor of this great city, is its commodious port, though near forty miles from the main sea; whither many thousands ships of burthen annually resort from all parts of the world: and those of moderate bulk can come as far as London-bridge; while large barges and West-country boats can go through bridge, and a great distance up the Thames, carrying goods of all kinds to and from the metropolis.

“ London is reckoned to have two-thirds of the whole trade in England. The strength of this city, having no sort of fortifications, unless we reckon the Tower of London as its citadel, consists in the number of its inhabitants, who are commonly computed to be one-seventh of all the people in England, and one-eighth of the whole in Great-Britain.—Here is one cathedral, two collegiate churches, three choirs of music, one hundred and forty-six parishes,

seventy-four chapels for the established church, two churches at Deptford, twenty-eight foreign churches, besides Dissenters meeting-houses of all persuasions, nearly equal to the number of established churches; several Popish chapels, three Jewish synagogues, thirteen hospitals, besides a very large and magnificent one for all foundlings and exposed children, near Lamb's-conduit-fields, Red-lion-street; three colleges, twenty-seven public prisons, eight public seminaries or free-schools, one hundred and thirty-one charity-schools in London and Westminster, and ten miles round; fifteen markets for flesh, two for live cattle, two herb-markets, twenty-three other markets, fifteen inns of court or chancery for the study of the law, four fairs, twenty-seven squares, besides those within any single building, as the Temple, Somerset-house, &c. three public bridges, including the very stately one at Westminster, and that built at Blackfriars; a town-house or Guildhall, a Royal-Exchange, a Custom-house, three artillery-grounds, four pest-houses, two Bishop's palaces, namely, London and Ely; and three Royal palaces, St. James's, Somerset, and, the most elegant of all, that part that remains unburnt of Whitehall.

“ The usual firing in this city, wood being scarce and dear, and that mostly used by the bakers, is pit-coal, brought from Newcastle

upon Tyne, and the bishopric of Durham, with some Scotch coals; of all which, at least 600,000 chaldrons, or 21,600,000 bushels, are annually consumed; whence the town appears always at a distance shrowded in smoke.

“ The town is well supplied with water from the Thames, the New River brought from Ware in Hertfordshire, and from Chelsea. London annually consumes above 700,000 sheep and lambs, and 100,000 head of cattle, besides a vast number of hogs, pigs, poultry, of all kinds, &c. &c.—In the streets ply daily about 1000 hackney-coaches, besides a great number of sedan chairs. The penny-post, for carrying of letters, or small paper-parcels, within the bills of mortality, or ten miles round London every way, is a great convenience.

“ Here is a Royal Society founded by King Charles II. who hold their meetings under a President at their house in Crane-court, Fleet-street, where is an observatory, library, and museum: and in 1751 a Society of Antiquaries obtained a charter.

“ The public places for amusement are numerous; in summer, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone-gardens; also St. James’s and Hyde parks, with a great variety of others of less note; and in winter are plays, operas, balls, concerts, &c.

“ London consists of 72 Companies, each of which has a master and wardens, or assistants, annually chosen. The city is divided into 26 wards, and over each presides an Alderman, who has his deputy: and out of the court of Aldermen is annually chosen a Lord-Mayor, who resides, during his mayoralty, in an elegant and spacious structure, finished in 1751, and called the Mansion-house; but its not having yet a sufficient opening round it, great part of its beauty is lost to the eye.

“ London sends four members to parliament; it formerly was walled round, and had seven gates by land, namely, Ludgate, Aldgate, Cripplegate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Moorgate, and Bishopsgate, all which were taken down in Sept. 1760, except Newgate. On the water-side there were Dowgate and Billingsgate, long since demolished; as well as the Postern-gate, near the Tower, and the greatest part of the walls. In the year 1670 there was a gate erected, called Temple-bar, which determines the bounds of the city westward.

“ London-bridge is a little farther to the west, formerly greatly admired for having fine houses on each side; but they have been taken down to render the passage more commodious; and lately the middle arch was widened, and the whole bridge made beautiful. The stone gate-house, which commanded the passage into
London.

London from Surry and Kent, built near the entrance of the bridge, is also taken down. Gresham-college, in Bishopsgate ward, is lately taken down, and the Excise Office removed there to an elegant building erected for that purpose ; and apartments are fitted up over the Exchange for the Gresham committee, where there are professors, with salaries, appointed to read lectures in the different faculties : it formerly had a fine library, and was the museum of the Royal Society.—The Bank of England began to be erected in 1732 ; and in 1735, about a year after it was finished, a marble statue of William III. was set up in the hall ; to which building there have been considerable additions since.—The Royal-Exchange, in Cornhill, is generally allowed to be the finest structure of the kind in the world. It was first built by Sir Thomas Gresham, in the years 1566 and 1567, but being burnt down in 1666, it was rebuilt in a nobler manner with Portland stone ; it was finished in 1669, and cost 66,000*l*. The quadrangle within is 144 feet long, and 117 broad ; and there are piazzas on the outside of the walls, and over them are 24 niches, 18 of which are filled with the statues of the Kings and Queens of England. In the middle of the area is the statue of Charles II. in a Roman habit.—The tower and turret of the lanthorn is 178 feet high. In the place where Stocks-market was

held is the Mansion-house, for the Lord Mayor to reside in; the first stone of which was laid in Oct. 1739: it is a noble and magnificent structure, but too heavy and too large for the use for which it was designed.—Bow church is admired for the beauty of its steeple; and that of Walbrook, behind the Mansion-house, for its curious architecture.—Guildhall, in Cheapside, is the town-house of the city, and the great hall is 153 feet long, 50 broad, and 58 high, and will hold near 7000 people. Besides the two giants, it is embellished with the pictures of Edward the Confessor, King William, Queen Mary, Queen Anne, George I. and II. and Queen Caroline, and of his present Majesty and his Queen. — Blackwell-hall, in Bassishawward, is famous for being the greatest mart for woollen cloth in the world — Sion-college stands by London-wall, and has a library appropriated to the use of the London clergy; and under it there is an alms-house, consisting of ten poor men and as many women, each of whom are allowed six pounds a year.—The General Post-office, in Lombard-street, is a large commodious place.—Bedlam, in Moorfields, is a spacious mad-house, and handsome building; the two figures at the entrance, in allusion to the unhappy objects confined in this place, and done by Mr. Kyber, a German, and father of the late Colley Cibber, poet-laureat, are very well worth.

worth seeing.—St. Bride's, near Fleet-ditch, has an elegant steeple.

“ St. Paul's cathedral is allowed to be the finest Protestant church in the world, and was built after a model done by Sir Christopher Wren.

“ In Warwick-lane is the Physicians college, where two of the fellows meet twice in a week, to give medicines to the poor gratis; the structure is very fine, but it is in a manner hid. Surgeons-hall is in the Old-Bailey, and is built in the modern taste, since the Surgeons company separated from that of the Barbers. Christ's-hospital was formerly a house of the Grey Friars, and was founded by Edward VI. for the entertainment and education of the poor children of citizens of both sexes: a mathematical school was founded here in 1673, and a writing-school in 1694; and the charity has been otherwise increased by a great many noble benefactions. Doctors-Commons is not far from St. Paul's, and is a spacious commodious structure, with several handsome courts, where the Judges of Admiralty, Court of Delegates, Court of Arches, &c. meet. Near it is the Heralds College, to which belong three Kings at Arms, namely, Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy, with six Heralds, four Pursuivants, and eight Proctors. It is a spacious building, with convenient apartments, and a good library relating to heraldry;

and the coats of arms are kept here of all the families of note in England. Near Temple-bar are the Inner and Middle Temples, which are both inns of court, for the study of the law. The Temple church was founded at first by the Knights Templars, in 1185; and it is now one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in England. There are twelve other inns of court, which it would be much too long to dwell upon. The Sessions-house, in the Old-Bailey, where they hear and determine criminal causes eight times a year, has lately been rebuilt, on a noble plan. Fleet-prison is by Fleet-market; and Bridewell by Fleet-bridge, which is an hospital, and a house of correction. St. Bartholomew's hospital is near West-Smithfield, and contiguous to Christ's hospital, and it is designed for the relief of the sick and lame: the buildings have been greatly enlarged of late.

“ SOUTHWARK, in Surry, being only parted from London by its bridge, seems but a suburb of that great city; yet it contains six parishes, and for its extent, number of people, trade, wealth, hospitals, alms-houses, and charity-schools, &c. is inferior to few cities in England. It is mentioned in history, in the year 1053, and was a distinct corporation, governed by its own Bailiff, till 1327, when a grant was made of it to the city of London, whose

whose Mayor was to be its Bailiff, and to govern it by his deputy. Some time after this, the inhabitants recovered their former privileges; but in the reign of Edward VI. the crown granted it to the city of London for 647l. 2s. 1d. and, in consideration of a farther sum of 500 marks paid to the crown by the city, it was annexed to the said city; and by virtue of the said grant continues subject to its Lord-Mayor, who has under him a steward and bailiff; and it is governed by one of its 26 Aldermen, by the name of *Bridge Without*. The military government is by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and eleven Deputy Lieutenants, who have under them a regiment of six companies, of 150 men each. Its markets are on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and all plentifully furnished with all manner of provisions. It is divided into two parts, viz. the Borough Liberty, and the Clink or Manor of Southwark. The first belongs to the jurisdiction of the Lord-Mayor of London, who by his steward holds a court of record every Monday at St. Margaret's-hill, for all debts, damages, and trespasses, within his limits; to which court belong three attornies, who are admitted by his steward. There are also three court-leets held in the Borough for its three manors, viz. the Great Liberty, the Guildhall, and the King's Manor; wherein, besides the other business usual at such

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courts,

courts, are chosen the constables, ale-conners, and flesh-tasters. The Clink is under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, who, besides a court-leet, keeps a court of record (on the Bank-side, near St. Saviour's church) by his steward and bailiff, for pleas of debt, damages, and trespasses. There is a Compter for the imprisonment of offenders in the bailiwick, and another for the Clink Liberty. Besides these, there is the Marshalsea-prison, which is the county gaol for felons, and the admiralty gaol for pirates. Here is a Court, which was first erected for the trial of causes between the King's domestic or menial servants, of which the Knight-marshal is president, and his steward judge; to whom belong four counsellors and six attornies; and the court is held every Friday by him, or his deputy, for debt, damages, and trespasses, in causes for ten miles round Whitehall, excepting London. Here is also the King's-Bench prison, the rules of which are of a considerable extent, and the allowance somewhat better than that of the common prisons; for which reasons many debtors remove themselves hither by Habeas Corpus. It is properly a place of confinement in all cases triable in the King's-Bench Court. Here was formerly that called Suffolk-House, a palace built by the Duke of Suffolk, in the reign of Henry VIII. where was after wards a mint for the coinage of money, which.

which consists of several streets, whose inhabitants formerly claimed a privilege of protection from arrests for debt, which has since been suppressed by the legislature, who have lately passed an act for establishing a court of conscience here as well as in London, Westminster, and the Tower-Hamlets, &c. for the better recovery of small debts. The Bishops of Winchester had formerly a palace here, with a park (the same that is now called Southwark park), which is since converted into warehouses and tenements, held by lease from the Bishops of that see. In the times of Popery, here were no less than eighteen houses on the Bank-side, licensed by the Bishops of Winchester (under certain regulations confirmed by Parliament) to keep whores, who were, therefore, commonly called Winchester Geese. Here are two hospitals, viz. St. Thomas's, and Guy's, the noblest endowment of the kind perhaps in England. We have not room for particulars, for which we must refer to Maitland's History of London, Westminster, and Southwark; yet must observe, that the founder of the latter was Thomas Guy, a bookseller of London, but a native of Southwark, who, by printing and binding bibles, discounting sailors tickets, and by South-Sea stock, had amassed a vast estate, out of which, at his death in 1724, he left about 200,000*l.* to finish and endow this hospital, besides 150,000*l.* in other legacies

legacies and distributions. Though it is said to be for incurables, *i. e.* for such as are turned out of other hospitals for any ailments that are incurable (except lunacy) it is not so; for the founder, by his will, vested his executors with a power of continuing the patients or discharging them; and he used to say, he would not have his hospital made an alms-house. Dr. Gibson mentions a very particular grant here of St. Mary-Overy's church to the churchwardens for ever, with the tythes to provide two chaplains at their pleasure, who are neither presented, nor inducted; wherein it differs from all other churches in England. In St. George's Fields, which have of late years been greatly improved, there are erected several public buildings, viz. the King's-Bench prison, the new Magdalen-house, &c. and in the centre of the cross-roads is a noble stone obelisk, surrounded with lamps.

“ WESTMINSTER, which has for so many years been the seat of our Monarchs, of our Law-Tribunals, and of the High Court of Parliament; which boasts of a magnificent abbey, where most of our Sovereigns have had their sceptres and sepulchres; a hall, the most spacious in Europe, if not in the world, without one pillar to support it; of an illustrious school, which has produced men of the greatest learning,
and

and the highest rank, both in church and state ; of a bridge, which, for its strength, elegance, and grandeur, has not its equal ; of noble squares, and fine streets of grand buildings, many of them resembling palaces : a place of so much note and dignity merits a much more ample description than will be expected in this work ; so that we can only mention some few particulars. In 1541, Henry VIII. upon the surrender of William Benson, the last Abbot, made it a see of a Bishop, with a Dean and twelve Prebendaries, and appointed the whole county of Middlesex (except Fulham, belonging to the bishoprick of London) for its diocese. By this means Westminster became a city, as all towns do upon their being constituted the sees of Bishops ; and, according to Lord Chief-Justice Coke, nothing else is required to make them such : but, as Westminster never had more than one Bishop, viz. Thomas Thurlaby, because this bishopric was soon after dissolved by Edward VI. it could no longer be properly called a city, though by the public complaisance it has retained that name ever since ; but in acts of parliament it is stiled the city or borough of Westminster.

“ In the parish of St. Martin is an old building, called St. James’s House, to which the Court removed upon the burning of Whitehall, in 1697 ; and it has continued to be the residence

sidence of our Kings ever since. An hospital, founded by the citizens of London before the Conquest, for fourteen leprous maids, formerly stood on this spot; and from this hospital the palace, which was built by King Henry VIII. soon after the general dissolution, derived its name. It is an irregular building, of a mean appearance from without, but it contains many beautiful and magnificent apartments. The chapel of the hospital was converted to the use of the Royal Family, as it remains to this day, and is a royal peculiar exempted from all episcopal jurisdiction. The service of the chapel is like that in cathedrals; and for that end there belongs to it a Dean, a Lord-almoner, a Sub-dean, forty-eight Chaplains, who preach in their turns before the Royal Family, twelve gentlemen of the chapel, two organists, ten children, a serjeant, a yeoman, a groom of the vestry, and a bell-ringer.

“Near Exeter Exchange is an ancient building, called the Savoy, from Peter Earl of Savoy and Richmond, who first erected a house here in 1245. This house afterwards came into the possession of the Friars of Montjoy, of whom Queen Eleanor, wife of King Henry III. purchased it for her son, Henry Duke of Lancaster. The Duke afterwards enlarged and beautified it at an immense expence; and in the reign of Edward III. this was reckoned one of the finest palaces

palaces in England; but in 1381, it was burnt to the ground, with all its sumptuous furniture, by the Kentish rebels, under Wat Tyler. Henry VII. began to rebuild it in its present form, for an hospital for the reception of an hundred distressed objects; but the hospital was suppressed by Edward VI. who granted its furniture, together with 700*l.* a year of its revenues, to the hospitals of Christ's church, St. Thomas, and Bridewell. The Savoy has ever since belonged to the crown, and consists of a large edifice, built with free-stone and flint, in which detachments of the King's guards lie, where they have a prison for the confinement of deserters and other offenders, and lodgings for recruits. A part of the Savoy was allotted by King William III. to the French refugees, who have still a chapel here, which was the ancient chapel or church of the hospital.

“ But of all the public structures that engage the attention of the curious, the British Museum is the greatest. It was formerly called Montague-house, because the noble family of that name built it for their town residence. It was purchased by money granted by Parliament 1753, and designed not only as a library for gentlemen to study in, but also as a place for the reception of natural and artificial curiosities, to be shewn to every person gratis, according to a settled manner of prescribed rules.

“ All

“ All the books belonging to the Kings of England, from Henry VII. to the death of his late Majesty, are deposited here, together with all the manuscripts collected by Sir Robert and Sir John Cotton. All the curiosities of the late Sir Hans Sloane are also here; and the whole valuable collection of manuscripts belonging to the late Earl of Oxford.

“ Many other benefactions have been since added to this valuable library; particularly by Mr. Wortley Montague, and the Honourable Mr. Hamilton, late Envoy at Naples. Dr. Gifford, one of the late officers, also made this public foundation a present of a fine set of paintings by Vandyke, preserved in the greatest perfection; and one copy of every book entered in the hall of the Company of Stationers is always sent here, as it was formerly to his Majesty's library at Westminster.

“ The Museum is under the direction of 42 trustees, 21 of whom are appointed to act in consequence of their being great officers of state. Two are chosen as descendants of the Cotton's, two for Sloane's collection, and two for the Harleian manuscripts, besides fifteen elected for the others. A committee of three, at least, is held every other Friday, and a general meeting once a quarter; but no person can be admitted into any office in the house, except by a warrant signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the

the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons.

“ The domestic officers of the house are, a principal librarian, to whom all the others are subject; the keeper of the natural curiosities, and his deputy; the keeper of the printed books, and his deputy; the keeper of the antiquities, and his deputy; the keeper of the reading room; the messenger, and his deputy; with the porter and housekeeper, under which there are several women servants, to do the necessary business of the house.

“ As this foundation is altogether for the use of the public, and the only one in London free for their reception, without any expence, we shall next lay before our readers the form of admission.

“ Those who come to see the curiosities, are obliged to give in their names to the porter, who enters them in a book, which is given to the principal librarian, who strikes them off, and orders the tickets to be given in the following manner:—During the months of May, June, July, and August, forty-five are admitted on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, viz. fifteen at nine in the forenoon, fifteen at eleven, and fifteen at one in the afternoon. On Mondays and Fridays, fifteen are admitted at four o'clock in the afternoon, and fifteen at six. The other eight months in the year, forty-five are admitted in three different companies, on Mon-

days

days, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at nine, eleven, and one o'clock. Those who desire to walk in the gardens are admitted by tickets, which last one year, with this difference, that they are all dated from the first of January, although the person should not apply for them till September.

“ This is certainly one of the most valuable institutions for promoting literary knowledge in the universe, and the vast number of valuable manuscripts has already thrown great light on the history of England. But when we consider the vast number of idle people, who come to view the curiosities, and who by their ignorance can never relish their beauties, we cannot help applying to it the following words of the Poet :

“ 'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must chuse him masters, music, meats.
He buys for Topham drawings and designs,
For Pembroke statues, and for Curio coins ;
Old Monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and rarities for Sloane.
Think you these things are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife (my lord) or finer whore.”

POPE'S *Epistle to the Earl of BURLINGTON*.

“ There

“ There are but few people, even in this age, who can relish all, or even any of the beauties of those curiosities in the British Museum. Idle girls, or, which is still worse, idle men and women, may go there and admire, for a few minutes, the colour of a snake, or the enormous jaws of a crocodile ! but they will return neither wiser nor better ; the image will soon be effaced from their minds, their understandings being as much darkened as their memories are unretentive.

“ With respect to the house itself, it is one of the largest in or near London, and different from Powis-house, its near neighbour ; the back is suitable to the front. It has this additional advantage, that the gardens behind, although not laid out with taste or elegance, yet have something in them extremely agreeable. The architecture of the house is extremely noble and spacious, although too much in the Dutch taste, being heavy and disagreeable ; but were it ever so beautiful, the whole is shut up in the front from public view, by a heavy dead brick wall. Were it laid open to public view, with a fine iron rail placed before it, many people might resort to see its outside from motives of curiosity ; whereas at present it appears as a prison before, and a palace behind.”



L E T T E R IX.

The 'SQUIRE to his FAMILY.

*A groupe of Gamblers—The 'Squire's reflections—
The story of several Rakes, Bloods, and Black-
legs, well known upon the town—Various night
scenes and midnight enterprizes at both ends of
the town.*

I Last night took a peep at a
G A M I N G - H O U S E .

and I believe I shall astonish you, good, honest, plain-dealing country-folks, when I come to shew off some of the characters, schemes, and practices of this infernal place, which, without any more previous and unnecessary ceremonies, I shall proceed to do, promising, as before, to confine myself to facts.

Mr. Smart took me (as I had complied sufficiently with the ridiculous customs of the town, by dressing like a monkey) into a very genteel house of gambling, situated in the polite part of

the town.—We went into a very spacious, splendid, and well-lighted room. It was almost filled with well-dressed people, all men, and about eight parties were seated at card-tables; others were rattling the dice, and every one seemed intent upon cheating one another. How vigilant was every eye? how busy was every hand in this glorious business? As I walked to and fro in the room, my cousin addressed me in a soft, under voice to the following effect: The place, said he, where you are now in, contains at this very moment as strange a medley of beings as ever were crouded together in one room at one time. Here the Duke and the Highwayman, his Lordship and his Jockeyship, Princes of the Blood and Shoemakers in embroidery, meet together to deceive and to be deceived, to win and to lose, to laugh and to be laughed at.

A gaming-house, my dear cousin, is like the grave, which confounds all ranks, and reduces all to a level. Villainy, scoundrelism, knavery, and cunning, provided they have the *honours* in their *hands*, shall insist upon their lead, though all the stars and garters of the realm were to stare them in the face. See how they all mix together—no difference, no subordination, no distinctions!

When my cousin had ended his remarks, I walked nearer to the tables, and made my own
observations

observations on the curious amusements before me. The first thing I took notice of was, that there was no such thing as friendship or sensibility ever admitted into a gambling-room, after the first *shuffle*; and that all which gives beauty or elegance to a man's character, was immediately *cut* clean out of the question. So far otherwise, indeed, that whenever one man *curst* fortune, another *blest* her; and whenever one person slapt his forehead in despair, another was always sure to look as if he laughed in his sleeve. I soon saw that these fine folks assembled upon the laudable principle of stripping each other as nearly naked as possible; and that, emphatically speaking, the best blood-sucker was the hero of the evening, and strutted off in high triumph. You would never have forgot, my good friends, if you had been, as I have, a spectator of this scene. As soon as the cards are dealt round, every body takes them up tremblingly, and every body is in agitation before half the game is up. This damns—that thanks God—this gnaws his lips—that foratches his head—one slaps his hand upon the table, and swears he is *bamboozled*—another vows 'tis all fair play. Never did I, since I came into the world, behold such ridiculous turnings and twistings. One man broke a chair in *fidgeting* up and down; another, in the distraction of his disappointment, seizes the cards in a fury, and with many horrible oaths

oaths and imprecations, tears them into twenty pieces, bites them with his teeth, and even stamps upon every one like a mad-man.

Would you believe it? I actually saw a young fellow of high spirit pledge, after he had lost all his money, first his watch—next his set shoe-buckles, and then he fairly stript off his fine spangled waistcoat; with all which the winner walked off as coolly as if nothing had happened.

I find, my friends, that a gaming-house is a receptacle for all that is infamous, noisy, nonsensical, and abandoned.

Mr. Smart, who, as I said before, makes it his business to know every body, and every body's business, thus run off the characters of some of the most notorious amongst them, as soon as we left the room.

That fellow who won all the stakes from the stripling that pawned his watch and waistcoat, is no other than the favourite or flash man of the noted Mother H——; and the poor youth himself is the younger son of the Earl of S——, member for L——.

He was going to particularize their stories, when at the corner of the Haymarket a groupe of obstreperous characters came clattering along, and began as follows: D—n my eyes, Jack, we shall be locked out; my old b—h of a mother will not let me in, and I suppose you

E

will

will meet the same sort of treatment from your old scoundrel of a father; and therefore let us scower the streets, break the lamps, knock at the doors, beat the watchmen, and when we are tired with these joyous frolics, let us take a nap in a night-house. With all my heart, said his companion; and all the rest testified their perfect approbation, by a general huzza.

Struck at the novelty of this ridiculous proposal, I whispered cousin Smart, that I had a strange kind of curiosity to see what these wanton youths would do, and how they would put in practice their designs. My cousin good-naturedly agreed to indulge my fancy, and we followed our sparks at a proper distance, *i. e.* just within ear-shot.

They steered their course towards the Strand, where, as they walked or rather staggered along deliberately, I had full opportunity to see all that could alarm or amaze a stranger. Our young gentlemen abused, laughed at, and joked upon every thing before them; they stopped the night coaches as they rolled along, and damn'd the people that occupied them for staying out at such unseasonable hours. But I soon found it would be in vain to follow these heroes; for the juice of the grape began to operate, and they became too noisy and vehement to be entertaining, and we therefore left them: but that I might not lose my proposed pleasure of gratifying my wishes

wishes to know the ways of the metropolis after 12 o'clock, my cousin described every thing that was worth observation as we went along.

Look, said he, at that ill-natured watchman driving away yon poor flaunting half-starved female, not suffering her to walk along the streets any longer, in search of that supper or bed, which, perhaps, even the offer of all that should be most precious to a woman cannot procure her: but observe, there is a half-drunken tradesman reeling along alone—she runs to him—invites him—pulls him by the arm; she follows him, keeps hold of his coat, and using all the arguments which necessity and affected wantonness can suggest, she prevails, and they walk off lovingly together. But hark, said my cousin, what a strange complaining voice comes from the opening of this little dirty alley!—"I tell you, Betty, you should not have kept me so long; I should have been at home and a-bed two hours ago:—my wife, you know, is as jealous as the devil, and she will lead me such a life, when I go home, that unless I perjure myself, by taking an oath upon the bible that I have not shaken hands with any woman upon earth but herself, she will never believe me, and perhaps make the curtains fly about my ears for this fortnight: unless, added the voice, I can get into my house sily, and put the clock

within a minute of eleven, so that it may strike just as I open the chamber-door, and by such means deceive her, God knows what will become of me;—so give me a buss, and let me be gone. I'll come, however, again to-morrow after 'Change time, and then I'll bring the earrings, if I can get them out of my wife's drawers; and then, you know, I shall turn the tables upon her, and scold *her*; for when you have got them, I'll swear she has pawned them at the gaming-table, or sold them for some gallant—Ha! ha! ha!

Here we saw the old fellow, for such a one he appeared to be, come hobbling out of the alley, and take his way toward the Mansion-house.

Fresh scenes rose immediately before us.—Heavens! said my cousin, if that chap who is led along by the young man with a lanthorn, is not the constable of our parish. How he staggers! and instead of performing his office as a peace-maker, you will find him a peace-breaker. Let him pass by us; see, see that little hussley that steals on tip-toe behind him; she is going to pick the constable's pocket, and that lad who leads him goes snacks, ten to one, in the booty, and suffers her, you observe, to proceed without taking notice. But what, said I, cousin, is the occasion of that coach's going along so slowly with the blinds up? it seems to
be

be heavy laden ; there's two people on the box, and they seem to be quarrelling,

Let us listen to their conversation, said my cousin. We did so, and to my utter amazement heard the following dialogue :

First Coachman.

What do you mean by that, you puppy? did not the housebreaker say we were to bring away the things all at once? and what the devil are you afraid of? we are not answerable for the robbery.

Second Coachman.

But we are adding and *butting*, George; and if thief should ever peach, the receiver, you know, is as bad as the thief.

First Coachman.

You are a fool, I tell you; a'n't we going to take them quite to the other end of Billingsgate, to Tim. Sly the pawnbroker, who lives by these sort of goods? and a'n't all the marks to be taken out of the linen, and a'n't the silver to be melted, and the cloaths to be shipped off directly? and more than that, a'n't we to meet Mr. Picklock and Mr. Splitbar at the broker's, who will pay us well for our fare; and after that what a plague have we to do with the matter?

Second Coachman.

Now, I think we ought, as honest men, to set off with the booty, and put it a-board ship, and not run any hazards.

First Coachman.

With all my soul.—

Second Coachman.

Done—'tis the best way, I'm certain.—

They now turned their coach, and drove back, and I ran after them, resolved to bring them to punishment, as robbers; but Mr. Smart caught hold of my hand, and told me, that I might depend upon it they would contrive to hang me for my honesty, and make me an accomplice—Nay, for ought I know, said my cousin, they will make a merit of keeping you and taking you before a Justice as the thief, and 'tis fifty to one, if the Justices are not in the secret, or they have generally a fellow feeling; and, in that case, they will sacrifice you to the security of themselves and their gang.

This induced me to desist, and I walked on in our way from Temple-bar to the Mansion-house. My cousin made me follow him through a dark passage, till we came into a sort of cellar, which displayed a groupe of fresh characters, in-

veloped in smoke, punch, bottles, glasses, and dice-boxes; so that we had now got into a *city* gaming-cellar; for I find all the vices of the age are practised as flagrantly on one side Temple-bar as on the other, with this difference only, that which in the idle part of the town is done barefacedly, is, in the busy part, done under the rose, in holes and corners. The clock went *one* about five minutes after we had got into the gaming-cellar, and the scene before me was most truly picturesque and surprising. Till I came into London, I find, I knew nothing of mankind, at least of the dark and vicious side of it. Though the cellar was mean in its appearance, when we come to compare it with the splendid gaming-houses at the other end of the town; yet my cousin, who has the most universal acquaintance, soon informed me the cellar was frequented by gamblers of the greatest consequence: For instance, said he, come, sit upon the bench in the corner, and I will convince you of the truth of my assertion in a moment; the parties are too much engaged to attend our whispers. Sit down, therefore, and mark me. Did you ever see so wretched a spectre as that person in a shabby scarlet suit of cloaths, and tawdry gilt buttons, whose eyes are sunk in his head, and whose complexion is both fallow and soddened? His hands are so thin that you may see through

them; and the knuckle-bones are starting thro' the skin: he has brought himself to the shadow you now observe, in the short space of a couple of years: he was heir to a very decent fortune, and the darling of a father and mother who doated upon him with the most parental fondness: but the fashionable vices of the age, and the mischiefs of lascivious company, made him soon turn the careless ear to their advice, and, after robbing his family by breaking open a drawer in which was a large purse of guineas, he ran away from them and commenced buck. He very soon came into the society of bubblers, bilkers, jilts, and sharpers.

His father broke his heart in consequence of young Edward's disobedience, and, notwithstanding that disobedience, he made a will in Edward's favour, and left him his whole property. No sooner did this prodigal son come into possession, than he was flushed with prosperity, turned giddy with good fortune, and rushed into all possible scenes of modern dissipation. His old companions saw his promising situation, and laid their heads together in order to make their market: every tempting bait was accordingly thrown in his way, and both sexes were complotting how they might dispose of Edward's new acquisitions.

In pursuance of these stratagems, messages and letters, full of sugared civility and politeness,

ness, were every morning poured in upon him, and he considered this rather as incense to his merit, than his money. Like Lord Timon, in Shakespeare, he received, courted, crammed, and trusted every body; and in the end had a violent passion for thundering the backgammon-table, rolling the dice-boxes, and cutting the cards: but, although he wanted not inclination and ardour, he wanted skill. What was the consequence? Why, the consequence, cousin, was what might be expected; he fell a victim to cheats, sharpers, and prostitutes, all of whom were constantly at his elbows till they had pocketed his last guinea, and stripped him of his very furniture and wardrobe. But even this hath not taught him wisdom: about a month ago an old aunt left him 20*l. per annum*, and, I am told, he has sold that at half price to the advertising money-brokers, and is, most likely, at this very minute sporting with the purchase-money. He owes, however, part of his misfortunes to bad connexions with women of the town, who have flattered his vanity, and fleeced him without any mercy. I never pass along the streets of this town, cousin, but I call to mind those admirable verses of the agreeable poet Mr. John Gay, upon the subject: they run, to the best of my recollection, thus. He is describing the common street-walker.

" Oh ! may thy virtue guard thee thro' the roads
 Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes ;
 The harlots' guilty paths, who nightly stand,
 Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand.
 Say, vagrant muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
 To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts ;
 So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
 And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.
 'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace ;
 No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace ;
 Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
 The new-scover'd manteau, and the flattern air ;
 High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
 And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow ;
 With flatt'ring sounds she soothes the credulous ear,
 " My noble captain ! charmer ! love ! my dear !"
 In riding-hood, near tavern-door she plies,
 Or muffled pinnners hide her livid eyes.
 With empty band-box she delights to range,
 And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change ;
 Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood prophane,
 And trudge demure the round of Drury-lane :
 She darts from farfnet ambush wily leers,
 Twitches thy sleeve, or, with familiar airs,
 Her fan will pat thy cheek. These snares disdain,
 Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again."

GAY's Art of Walking London Streets.

Such is, alas ! but too true a picture of our
 town misses, who have perhaps brought half
 the people you see here in this room to the gam-
 ing-house—aye, and to the gallows too, cousin
 Smart,

Smart, said I.—The following lines describe them, I think, full as well, and as truly, as those you have quoted; and I found them in a new book lately come down to our country club: I liked them so well that I got them by heart:

“ A shameful set, incapable of thought !
 Their wanton passions ne’er could touch my heart ;
 For all was looseness, infamy, and art :
 No modest maxims suited to improve,
 No soft sensations of a chaster love,
 No gen’rous prospect of a soul refin’d,
 No worthy lessons of a noble mind,
 E’er touch’d their bosoms, harden’d to their state ;
 Charm’d at their arts, and glorying at their fate ;
 Some stroke of folly is their constant theme,
 The dreadful oath, the blasphemy extreme,
 Th’ affected laugh, the rude retorted lye,
 Th’ indecent question, and the bold reply.
 E’en in their dress their bus’ness one may trace,
 For broad is stamp’d the harlot on each face.
 O’er ev’ry part the shameful trade we spy,
 The step audacious, and the rolling eye;
 The smile insidious, the look obscene,
 The air enticing, and the mincing mein.”

Liberal Opinions, Vol. II.

By the time my cousin and I had recited these poetical passages for our mutual entertainment, the gamblers called for a fresh bowl of punch, and rattled the dice with as much vigour as if they were but just set down to it. And now the

tricks of the trade became again in full display. The sharper was endeavouring to cheat the bubble, and the bubble the sharper; to win, was the diversion, as to lose, was the despair. When they once more, therefore, set in for it, Mr. Smart pursued his account of their characters.

That old man who shakes as if he were paralytic, is an overgrown miser, whose avarice at play is shewn by his always rising after he has lost such a stipulated sum, though, if he is in the winning way, he will sit up, notwithstanding his age, for a couple of nights. Yon glittering blade in the cut velvet and embroidered waistcoat, with flashy *Brandenburghs*, is one of your would-be wits, and yet never said or did a witty thing in his life, unless it be wit to laugh loud, drink hard, bilk his whore, beat the watch, "bully the justice, and bam the constable." But pray, turn your eye to that large preposterous-sized man, just picking up the cards. Did you ever see a more inanimate figure? With what a self-importance he throws down the cards, and seems to take no sort of notice of his partner! He is worth 700*l. per annum*, enjoys at this time a place in the Custom-house, has the ear of the first people, is honoured by the most elegant connexions, and has a private landed property of a thousand pounds yearly. Perhaps you will start, when I tell you he is the most silly, nonsensical, and
most

most lascivious old scoundrel in this metropolis. He is incapable of business in the day, and equally unable to enjoy the voluptuous attempts of his nocturnal revels : he has been known, nevertheless, to have possession of some of the finest women in England, and, indeed, can almost command any thing, though he is good for nothing.

I was going to express my surprize at these paradoxes, when my cousin went on in this manner :

The name of the man I have just been speaking about is the well-known Stephen P——, of Crutched Friars, an eminent African merchant. He gets acquainted with all those poor gamblers who have pretty wives, on purpose that he may make such offers as, in exigent circumstances, where there is no fixed principle of honour, are scarce to be resisted. But how do you think he got his place in the Customs? even, my dear Randal, by—as it is reported—the prostitution of his own beautiful wife. But come, cousin, they begin to be riotous; let us leave them.

We left the gaming-house, and went home to our own house, where, after all the fatigues of the day, we retired to our bedchambers, and, as we did not *share*, though we *beheld* their vices, we slept sound and peaceably. It is high time to put an end to my letter. I am your's,

ROBERT RANDAL.



L E T T E R X.

BOB RANDAL to his BROTHERS.

The 'Squire makes general observations on the town, men of business, men of pleasure, and people who live by their wits.—The city of London, and all its various arts, tricks, and trades epitomized; particularly Masquerades—Theatres—Garrick's Patent—Quackery.

DEAR BROTHERS,

THOUGH I have been here but a few days, I have made the best of my time; and though I am but a poor writer, I am a fellow of excellent memory, and never forget what I see: and, between you and I, it requires no bad memory to keep in mind the surprising singularities, oddities, iniquities, windings and turnings of this unweildy town. London is, indeed, to say the truth, a universe in itself; it is, as it were, a place which receives good and bad, rich and poor, handsome and homely of both sexes, from all

all the different quarters of the habitable globe. Thousands flock to this city when they can stay no where else; they come upon different pursuits, either to lose money or to get it, to ramble about for pleasure, to riot in debauchery amongst whores and gamblers, or to engage in such employments as may promote their interest. It does not ask for any great genius to observe, that the city of London is more full of scramblers, cheats, villains, and impostors, than any other in Europe. It is from morning to night upon the clatter; and those that get nothing are, I think, more noisy than those who do nothing *but* get. Wheresoever we look—whether we examine the eastward or the westward part of it—whether we penetrate into the tricks of the court or the city, it is easy to see that those very people who affect to be working for the good of the public, and in order to benefit the community, are only labouring tooth and nail to gratify their own private wishes, and make hypocrisy put on the fair appearances of virtue and honesty. Deceit, my good friends, is here triumphant; we may see it in the glare of their equipages, in the apparatus of the funerals, in the innumerable pomps and vanities of their public shews and gewgaws; and I am told, many of those who have ambition enough to roll in their chariots (behind which is stuck a powdered puppy of a footman) are secretly
tortured

tortured by the afflictions of a poverty that is destitute of a single dinner, and rather than retrench, they would give food to their servants and horses, though *they* went without any, or spunged, under the air of a friendly call, upon their acquaintance themselves.

With regard to women of ill fame, they are now blushless enough to walk up and down the open streets at noon-day: betwixt St. Paul's Church-yard and Black-friars, there are a groupe of tawdry unhappy girls, known by their bold looks and an indecent liberty in their dresses, pacing upon and down in search of the unwary passenger, upon whose indiscretion very likely depends their dinner; and such is their hard fate, that they are in this manner obliged to eat the bread of prostitution throughout the year, not only in the summer, but amidst all the inclemencies of the winter; and, to say the truth, a young man ought to be well established in his good principles not to fall a martyr either to the enticements of their trade, the pleadings of their necessity, or the exposure of their charms; for, alas, some of them carry the remains of beauty in disguise, and female elegance in ruins.

Whenever any of you, my dear sisters, are tempted to come to the metropolis, be sure you never venture to walk either in the Strand, on Ludgate-hill, or even in Cheapside, but more especially

especially in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, without either your brothers, or some other of your friends that are pre-acquainted with all the tricks and turnings of the town.

There is, as my cousin tells me, nothing more fashionable or more pernicious in this city than that diversion which has obtained the name of *Masquerade*, the rage for which is now so excessive, that there has been one even in the heat of the summer season, no longer ago than last night. Mr. Smart prevailed with me to be present at it, and so far was it from affording amusement adequate to the expences, that I would not see another though I were to be paid by the hour for the exercise of my patience, and the loss of my time.

This diversion is excellently calculated to catch the lazy, the frolicksome, and the foolish. Laziness and luxury preside over every part of it; and there is not, I believe, an entertainment in the whole world so every way adapted to the destruction of simplicity, and female youth.

We had not been a moment in the room before we were encompassed by such a tribe of motley, whimsical mortals, as at the same time perplexed and attracted curiosity. The parade, the pomp, the glitter, and the gaiety that was to be seen on all sides, made me think that all the butterflies and coxcombs of the whole globe
were

were assembled by general consent to *out-fool*, and to *out-flutter* one another. I took hold of my cousin's arm, and paced thro' the rooms. In the course of these rambles I had an opportunity to particularize the miscellany of fantastick folks which were gathered together in the name of absurdity. The strangest collection of masques, dresses, theatrical cast-off trains, tragedy robes, comedy caricaturas, exhibited themselves, that ever was imagined. In short, every character but a man's own, was assumed upon this occasion. On one hand might be seen a fellow aping royalty, as aukwardly majestic as could be wished: on the other, a nobleman was as bunglingly imitating the roughness of the clown. Here I beheld the character of a devil, there of a saint: here a ghost, and there the substance of a Sir John Falstaff: on this side a miller, on that a chimney-sweeper. The amusements are as variegated as the dresses and habits. In one room you may observe a large groupe of gamblers, another displays parties engaged in the dance; avarice and amour mark these two apartments: the rattlers of the dice, and the cutters of the cards, are intent upon cheating one way, while those frolicksome youths who *cut* and caper another way, are intent upon robberies of a tenderer kind. There are various little withdrawing rooms into which the amorous of both sexes,

“ When music softens, and when dancing
“ fires,”

retire to do such deeds

“ As day’s ashm’d to look on.”

And it would shock any of my dear sisters to behold the lascivious attitudes, indecent postures, enticing ogles, and immodest languishings, which are here indulged without any censure, and, indeed, without departing from the voluptuous licence of their adopted characters.

Nor are these medleys of amusement more productive of unlawful love than immoderate (though sly) drinking; for there is another room devoted to the display of wines, spirits, cordials, sweetmeats, &c. and these are plied hard, by a troop of middle-aged gentlewomen, who visit these costly places on purpose to eat and drink double the price of their tickets. After love assignations, dancing, and other jump-about nonsenses are over, the company retire to a spacious supper-room, to partake the dainties of a splendid collation. Notwithstanding which, it is not easy for a man of any modesty to get a single slice of any thing. The great number of cormorant citizens, and harpy-like harlots, as well as glutton aldermen and greedy spouses, seize upon all that is delicate or in season, in a moment. It was near six o’clock in the morning when, in the disgust of my heart, I left this harlequin diversion, where, in

the course of the night, I have too much reason to believe much mischief was perpetrated, and many vices indulged to a most shameful excess. Nor can I take leave of the subject, without assuring my sisters, that if ever they venture to share such a piece of mummary unattended by such as will stick to them the whole evening, it is ten to one but they will repent their rashness when it is too late, and wish, in the misery of their disappointment or injuries, that they had taken the advice of an affectionate brother.

At this period of the year the theatre of the celebrated Samuel Foote, Esq; is the only one that is open: I was at it the evening before last. Plays are, in themselves, very rational and elevated amusements, and are at once entertaining and useful, affording, in general, a striking moral, and some ingenious turns either of wit or sentiment. But Mr. Smart, who is a frequent play-goer, seems to think our modern managers are justly chargeable with neglecting merit in favour of caprice, and will either suppress or bring on a performance, just as they happen to suit their own fantastical taste, or feed the vitiated palate of the town. Upon this principle it is, that instead of the productions of Shakespeare and old Ben Johnson, the public are amused with private satire, or mere mimical buffoonery; and now the great little Mr. Garrick is gone, it is whispered that nothing is to come

before the curtain but fellows who can quaver in an opera, and women who can carry a note clean and clever out of all hearing. The deuce a tragedy is expected all next winter, they say ; and the children of catgut are to starve the heroes and heroines of blank verse, as Mr. Smart smartly says, till they are as thin and unsubstantial as the hairs of a fiddlestick. As the man says in a poem about Mr. Garrick's Looking-glass, which stands on my cousin's table—a devilish shrewd thing, let me tell you—

“ 'Tis all to sing, and nought to say.”

The reason of all this *topsy-turvy* business, it seems, is (as I learn by the same witty chap's poem) because

——“ A tuneful youth,”

Who by a certain Spanish plot
A wond'rous rich Duenna got ;
Who for six sing-song months together
Has led the town thro' wind and weather,
His tweedle-dum and dee to hear,
Has took the nation by the ear :
For *he* old Drury now has got,
The trappings, trimmings, and what not.”

We learn too, from the same cunning and intelligent author, that

——“ Other gentlefolks have part,
And share the instruments of art.

The

The comic mask, the tragic train,
 The sunshine, and the showers of rain;
 The weeds the witches often danc'd in,
 With colour'd coat of *Harlequin*;
 The sceptres, swords, and coats of mail,
 The palace flats, the park, the jail;
 The dragons, bears, and dromedaries,
 And all the *pantomime* vagaries;
 The truncheon large, and trumpet loud,
 The pasteboard crown, and canvas cloud;
 The thunder spouts, and thunder too,
 With robes of Tartar, Turk, and Jew.
 The coaches, coronets, and camps;
 The stars, the moon, and all the lamps;
 The heroes habits, whole and torn;
 The ermine, walking dukes have worn;
 The blazing petticoats and sacks,
 Which often grace princesses backs:
 In short, the whole machinery,
 And all the trick of tragedy."

As the playhouse, therefore, and the property, has fallen into the hands of such a singing generation, so that there will be nothing but a kind of concert going forward, I cannot in justice recommend it to any of my country friends, who have the least regard for the immortal Shakespeare, and writers in his way, to countenance such Italian innovation; but I advise one and all to stay away from the British theatre,

theatre, till it shall again be restored to good sense, fair morals, solid amusement, and fine poetry. At present the drama is at a shocking low ebb, my cousin says; all the actors and actresses of rising merit are discharged, and in their stead a parcel of musical mummers, foreign fiddlers, and operatical non-entities. By the bye, if any plain-dealing people in our part of the world would wish to be let into the secret, by taking a *peep behind the curtain*, they may see the whole of the rogueries and tricks of actor-men and managers laid open in the book from whence I have taken the above verses: it cost 2 s. 6 d. and I shall bring it down with me for our club at the Rose and Crown.

With regard to Master Foote's, there are, I find, as merry doings in different parts of his Little Theatre in the Haymarket as in either of the other winter houses. There are places which they call green-boxes, that are celebrated for the abandoned beauty of those who generally fill them. Mr. Smart says, this is the very worst and most dangerous place in which a country gentleman or lady can possibly trust themselves; for that they will be surrounded by seducers of all shapes and sexes. These harpies know a stranger instantly, and set all their arts instantly at work to make a bubble of him. Though I sat in the pit, I could see plain enough what they were upon. There was one
in

in particular whom I noticed; she was dressed in a flaring, flame-coloured sack; her hair was set upright in the present perpendicular fashion, most awefully high, and terrifically broad; at the top of which her hat was put on askew, and ornamented with an extravagance of ill-chosen ribbons. The scarlet of her cheeks was even more glaring than her dress, and yet she pretended to give herself the airs of a puritan. She singled out a rural-looking lad, who might be about eighteen years of age, and after a little artful ceremony she placed herself down beside him, and soon entered into conversation. Before the third act was over they both went out of the theatre, and the very next morning there appeared an advertisement in the public papers to the following effect:

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas a young gentleman, of fair complexion, blue eyes, light-brown hair curling in his neck, with a slim genteel shape, and innocent appearance, went to the Haymarket theatre on ———— evening, and to the great grief of his family he has not been heard of since: this is to certify, that if the said young gentleman will return home to his disconsolate family, he shall be most tenderly received, and in no degree upbraided: or if any person will be the means of conducting him to ————, St.

James's

James's street, shall receive the warmest thanks, and the sum of Fifty Pounds as a compliment."

How shall I find words, my dear brothers and sisters, to inform you, that this very morning the same news-paper announces the return of the youth almost naked, stripped nearly to the skin, and with the marks of violence in many parts of his body, owing, it seems, to his being decoyed into a brothel, where a bully, under the privileged name and pretensions of a husband, extorted from him all his money, by way of reparation for damages, and then beat him severely, because he had not money enough to satisfy his avarice !

In different parts of the town there are very commonly planted old women procureesses, whose business it is to draw you into bad houses in dirty lanes and dark alleys ; the consequence of which is, generally, the loss of a purse, often distempers, and sometimes murder and sudden deaths. Countrymen are mostly the great objects of the villain ; when such a one comes to town, let him tread warily ; many will invite him to drink, on purpose to plunder him of all the property he has about him in the hours of intoxication. Others will intice him into the gaming-house ; and as such gamblers are always well skilled in sleights of hand, and what is called cogging the die, or managing

the shuffle, the countryman who plays fair, and depends upon luck, will assuredly lose all his money, before they suffer him to depart, when once engaged. Sometimes, indeed, they will permit a stranger to win a little just to give him spirits; but that is only an art, and in order to encourage him to bear ill luck afterwards in the hope of better returning again, till he is in the end left utterly destitute.

If any of my friends, also, should wish to see the metropolis, I must warn them, whenever they go into coffee-houses, theatres, or other public places, against a set of wretches, who, like the drone, never bring any thing into the hive themselves, but love to feed upon the profits and honey of the industrious: wherever these indolents see you enter, they endeavour to insinuate themselves into your good graces, by a thousand officiousnesses, and other pretences either of entertainment or utility, which, if people are not upon their guard, may be attended with many disagreeable consequences. Should you ever be beset by any of these creatures, take care never to give them the smallest encouragement; for the most distant hint of invitation will subject you to constant importunities and impositions. The accomplishments of such intruders are not, indeed, such as can recommend them to the associations of men of sense; as it has been very well observed, “their
whole

whole stock consists in a bawdy song or two, a few drunken healths, and half a dozen puns:" with these they will be eternally grating your ears, till they have tired your patience, and you are obliged to force them from you by broad hints that their company is displeasing. Be it remarked also, as a consequence of encouraging them, that they will absolutely live upon you, attend you in the street, intrude into your apartment, join your company, croud into your retirements, and consider themselves as a part of your family. They are just like a set of hungry Frenchmen, who come over the water to laugh at and sponge upon the English, and whose arts are thus accurately lashed by an author whose writings are in the library of cousin Smart. When I was talking of these parasites and London cheats, he took down a book, and bade me take notice of the following applicable passage:

" All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel,
His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey:
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes!"

But now we are coming to the point; against just such a hanger-on and flatterer as I am going to describe, I would warn you :

“ Still to his int’rest true, where’er he goes,
Wit, brav’ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev’ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev’ry tongue flows harmony divine.
Practis’d his master’s notions to embrace,
He marks his maxims, and reflects his face;
With ev’ry wild absurdity complies,
And views each object with another’s eyes:
They shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
And pour at will the counterfeited tear.
And, as the patron hints the cold or heats,
He quakes in Dog-days, in December sweats.
Such will with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile.”

Pray observe well the lines that conclude the description of these wretches :

“ For arts like these preferr’d, admir’d, carefs’d,
He first invades your table, then your breast;
Explores your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac’d confidence repay,
Commence *your lord*, and govern, or betray.”

In writing to my country relations upon subjects of caution against the deceptions of this delusive city, I must upon no account neglect speaking upon one of the most flagrant pieces of imposition that distinguish the age—I mean your advertising doctors, who are not only miscreants, but murderers. Without the least degree of medical or chirurgical skill, and without indeed the least accomplishment that marks the faculty, they take upon them to cure all the disasters that invade, either naturally or accidentally, the human body. Without a single thing to recommend them but sheer impudence, they are trusted with the health, and therefore destroy the happiness and the life of a thousand and ten thousand citizens yearly. It is their business to tamper with the constitution till they have ruined it, and then they lay your want of future recovery to the account of your obstinacy, or negligence. I am the more particular in my injunctions upon this head, because my cousin Smart, who takes in sometimes the Public Advertiser, and sometimes the Morning Chronicle, both papers in request——out of the former, printed this morning, he read, as he sat at breakfast, some of the most pointed and masterly observations upon these medical impostors I ever heard; and as his remarks deserve to be transmitted, and even treasured up by every person in Great-Britain, I shall take a

real pleasure in bringing it down with me, that you may ever avoid such connexions.

The ingenious writer alluded to has treated the matter as it deserves, with the most serious severity; and yet the whimsical and witty Mr. Tom Brown shews us, that these impostors were equally the pests of society in *his* days; and he has, indeed, so humorously and so justly laid open their pompous pretensions, and exposed their arrogant claims to *universal nostrums*, that, in conclusion of this important subject, and to make it impracticable for any honest countryman in future to be trepanned into their *back doors* or *private passages*, I shall, at my cousin Smart's intreaty, subjoin the following well-conceived burlesque, called

THE MERRY QUACK.

“ I HAVE been often grieved to see the noble art of physic so run down, despised, and invaded, as it has been of late; but to say the truth, the professors may thank themselves for it; they are eternally jangling and quarrelling at the College, and persecuting one another, while they ought to lay their heads together and unite, to baffle those undermining enemies of mankind, called *diseases*. This would be an employment worthy their most serious thoughts, and recommend them to the good opinion of the world; but, as affairs are managed at present,

sent,

sent, they do not so much endeavour to restore people to their health, as to make a vain ostentation of their learning. The first thing they think of, is to set up an *hypothesis*, as they call it, even before they think of setting up a *coach*; and as they make all the shifts in the world to set up the latter, so it is to keep up their beloved *hypothesis* they strain every *phænomemon* in nature to make it bear that way. It is a melancholy, but true observation, that as the number of physicians has increased, so the *weekly bills* have done the same.

“Gentlemen, I was born with a natural antipathy to all diseases whatever, as some people are to cheese and onions. I hate diseases, and diseases hate me; by the same token they fly from my presence, as it was observed in the last great plague, that the dogs by natural instinct ran away from the city dog-killer; neither can I blame them for it, for I make it my constant business to destroy them root and branch wherever I meet them. But, gentlemen, do not misunderstand me; though I kill the disease, I do the man no harm; like lightning, that melts the sword, and never injures the scabbard.

“To qualify myself for this noble profession, I never troubled my head with reading Hippocrates, Dioscorides, Celsus, Galen, and other reverend blockheads of antiquity; neither did I think it worth my while to lose any time in

perusing the modern coxcombs, for so I may justly call them : No, gentlemen, I went a wiser way to work ; instead of turning over old musty pagan volumes, I have walked over every mountain in England, Scotland, and Wales ; I have enquired into the nature of every plant and vegetable, examined every moss, grass, and flower, and by virtue of thirty years observation and upwards, have forced them to confess their respective virtues and qualities.

“ *First, By my Pillula Intentionalis ; or, my Intentional Pill.* I defy any physician in the King’s dominions to shew me the like. It never works but when the recipient would have it, and therefore is of singular use for all persons who may be obliged to take physick, and yet, by reason of their employments and business, cannot confine themselves to their chambers. I dare engage that a man may take it upon a journey, and never be incommoded by it. Last Easter term I gave it to a Yorkshire attorney, the very morning he went out of town, who had no occasion to evacuate till he came to Leeds. But what is more surprising, one Ezekiel Tar, boatswain to the Sampson, took three of them at Deptford, upon April 16, 1699, and intended they should never work with him till he came under the Equinoctial ; and accordingly so it fell out, and then he had a stool, that any prince

prince in Christendom would have been glad of, as he informed me in a letter, dated from Fort St. George, Nov. 22. In short, a man that takes it, may adjourn and prorogue his backside as long as he pleases; and this, as I take it, can be said of no pill now known in Christendom.

“ *Secondly, My Pillula Divulgatoria*; or, my Divulgatory Pill. The great excellency of this pill lies in extorting secrets from whoever takes it; very proper consequently for married men in Cheapside, Cornhill, or any part of England, to know how their respective wives stand affected to them: for, as it is no bigger than a pin’s head, so if the party dextrously slips it into a glass of ale, or wine, or any such vehicle, and gives it his wife, it will make her tell all the secrets of her heart in her sleep; as for instance, whether she has actually cuckolded her husband, or has only intended it; as likewise who is the person she most admires.

“ *Thirdly, My Pillula Otiosa*; or, my Idle Pill. This is the strangest pill of them all, for it is neither diaphoretic, nor diuretic, nor hydropic, nor hypnotic, nor yet emetic, that is to say, it neither operates by stool, nor urine, nor sleep, nor vomit; and yet makes a shift to do its business, by doing nothing at all, as some

lawyers do theirs, by being bribed to hold their tongues.

“ *Fourthly, My Pillula Anti-Moabitica*; or, my Anti-Moabite Pill. A man who takes one of these pills before he stirs out of his lodgings, though he owe as much money as the two late Sheriffs were worth, yet may go and whet his knife safely and securely at the Compter-gate, and the devil of a serjeant dares meddle with him, by reason of some wonderful *effluvia* it sends out of the *thorax*; very useful for breaking tradesmen, disbanded officers, and others in the same predicament. In fine, it is infinitely better and cheaper than a protection from a lord or a parliament-man. Though I constantly keep sixty operators at work, yet I can hardly serve the town for their occasions.

“ The two epidemical diseases of England are the Scurvy and Consumption. They were all-reigning distempers of this island a thousand years before Julius Cæsar came to make us a visit; as any man that desires to be satisfied will find by the historians of those times; and so they still continue, notwithstanding we have had so many famous physicians among us. Now is it not a shame, a most horrid shame, that the most Protestant lungs in the universe, and those which deliver the most evangelical truths, should
be

be invaded by this fatal disease? And is it not a thousand pities that a people who have the purest souls, should have the nastiest bodies?

“Now to obviate and prevent this disgrace of our three kingdoms, I have been thirty years and upwards contriving my *Anti-tussient Pills*, which are compounded of those admirable balsamic ingredients, that, gentlemen, the party that takes them, may lie up to his chin in water for a fortnight together, or cover himself over in snow, as naked as when he came first into the world; and if he coughs forty years after that, I am content to lose my ears. Let any man that distrusts the virtue of my *Anti-tussient Pills* make the experiment; and if, as I have said before, he cough forty years after that, I engage, before this honourable company, to be his bond-slave.

“And then as for the Scurvy, which seems to have set up her head quarters in Wales or Scotland, I have found out a *Pulvis Mundificativus*; although a man made as wretched a figure as a patient gentleman, who has been very much abused by a certain city knight, did upon the dunghill, yet in a minute I’ll make him *rectus in corpore*.

“But, gentlemen, my talent is not confined only to these two distempers; I practise alike upon all diseases, and with the same success and facility.

“ Shew me a fellow that has got as much water in his *abdomen* as will fill the tun of Heidelberg; shew me, I say, such a fellow if you dare. I would willingly ride two thousand miles at my own expence to see such a sight. Now, you’ll say, what will you do with him when you have got him? Why, before you can answer me what’s this, I’ll tap his *abdomen* and set him to rights.

“ Shew me a *scrotum*, distended to the size of honest Mr. Moxon’s globe upon Atlas’s shoulders in Warwick-lane, I’ll reduce it to its primitive state while a virtuoso at Child’s is supping his dish of coffee.

“ Shew me a son of Bacchus, who by his indefatigable lifting up his hand to his head, and his nocturnal industry, has acquired as many pimples in his face as there are jewels in Lombard-street, nay, whose phiz is so fiery and rubicund, that it would put the last conflagration out of countenance; I have a water that in a moment will extinguish all these vulcanos, and make him look as fair as a sinner newly come out of the powdering-tub; or, if you please, as pale as a guinea-dropper, when he is carried before a worshipful justice.

“ Shew me a man so pitted by the small-pox, that his face looks like the map of Switzerland, with the hills and vallies in it, with my *Lympha-
Cosmetica*,

Cosmetica, or my Levelling Drops, I'll make it as even as a bowling green.

“ But what I most value myself upon, and indeed I defy any doctor within the bills of mortality (you see I circumscribe them, gentlemen, within their own dominions) to do the like—I have so improved the antient and laudable art of *ouro-manteia*, or *ouro-scopy*, that is to say, of prognosticating all future contingents by urine, that the like was never heard of in Europe. I know that several blockheads pretend to tell a man the present state of his body by seeing his urine (and what fool by the broth cannot make a shift to guess what meat is in the pot?) but I have carried my disquisitions much farther; as for instance, let an attorney bring me his water, and I will tell him how his client's cause will go at Westminster-hall, and whether any of his adversaries witnesses are like to perjure themselves. Let a young maiden shew me but a thimble-full of her urine, and I will resolve her when she shall be married, how many children she shall have, and what their respective fortunes shall be. This, gentlemen, may suffice at present to let you see I can do somewhat more than my brethren.”

Though my dear sisters are in a very virtuous course of education, and although their principles are established in a very amiable manner,
yet

yet there are some particular miseries to which lovely young women are liable when they come to London, that, in case either Sally or Betsy or Julia should happen to visit the city, either upon business or pleasure, they may receive some caveats from certain hints of admonition that follow :

Whenever any beautiful young female comes to the capital, there are a thousand wretches that lie in wait for her innocence; amongst these, none are more pernicious than those creatures of their own sex, who, equally destitute of compassion or chastity, and lost to all those delicate blushes that adorn the character as well as the person, are prepared for every thing that is infamous, destructive, and detestable. They are known here by the name of *Procuresses*; and, my cousin Smart says, they exactly answer the description given of them in the same poem, from which I gave you an extract relating to bad women, in a former letter. A procureess is in that work thus characteristically spoken of:

“The felon bawd’s a dreadful beast of prey,
And rules her subjects with despotic sway;
Trucks for the human form with fatal pow’r,
And bargains for her beauties by the hour.
But should some female in her dang’rous train
Attend the altar of her shame with pain;
Dispute

Dispute at length the monster's base controul,
 And dare assert the scruples of her soul;
 Should she reluctant yield to the disgrace,
 Or shew the signs of sorrow in her face;
 Th' imperious abbess frowns her into vice,
 And hates the sinner that grows over nice."

HIST. of BENIGNUS; *or*, Lib. Opinions.

It is necessary for an honest brother to tell you, dear sisters, that such wretches as the poet here speaks of are often known to address such objects as they fix upon in different disguises, and will sometimes stand at the door of their houses, attended by three or four painted prostitutes, in order to seduce the daughters of simplicity into their clutches. If once they get you, all resistance is vain; you have nothing for it but shunning them at first, and all that remains for a prudent woman to do, is never, on any account, to listen to their invitations.

Examples of their iniquity are every day heard of, and well-disposed people have, from time to time, printed well-authenticated accounts, by way of cautions to the public. The surest way of being secure from their contrivances is, for young women never to go abroad without some friend of the other sex, or some relation, upon whose affection and experience they may depend. But as I have sufficiently alarmed you, I shall quit the subject.

And

And now, my beloved brothers, in conclusion of this letter, I must just give you a warning sketch or two as to those temptations that lie in every young fellow's way—I mean the ladies of loose lives and conversation. The ill effects of a commerce with bad women are, indeed, so multiplied, that they strike every understanding at once; nor can any thing new be added to the remarks that have been offered to escape them. The quantity of hapless females in this situation, at this crisis, is really horrible to humanity—not to be thought of without shuddering—not to be seen without a tear.—Yes, my brothers, I say a *tear*; it is not possible, methinks, to behold such a multitude of deceived, diseased, unprovided, and half-starved human beings, of a sex naturally so soft and delicate, haunting the houses of ill fame, and plying in almost every street, for the coarsest and commonest necessities of life. Since I read that poem, whence I have already given you two or three passages, I have been taught to alter my notions in some degree, about these poor unfriended sisters of shame and sorrow. Indeed they *are* to be pitied. Hanging and drowning all of them, according to the prude or outrageously virtuous woman's maxim, is surely too hard a fate for many of those whom the arts of men undoubtedly at first betrayed, and whom cruel parents,

or rigid relations, perhaps, made them continue unfortunate.

Our old neighbour, farmer J——d, has got a daughter, you know, in this pitiable condition : and, though she was the darling of his heart and age, and was led astray by an artful deceiver ; though he has no other heir to his fortunes, yet I have heard him fifty times declare that he would never see her again—never receive her—never protect—never provide for her.—As, I suppose, he sees all my letters, I am tempted to write out the rest of the poem on the subject of these most wretched females : if he reads it attentively ; if he reads it as a father, surely he will be inclined to search after his lost child, bring her back to his arms, and encourage her in the duties of prayer and penitence. In this hope I shall think it no trouble to conclude this letter ; am writing out for his consideration, and for your perusal, such parts as are applicable to the poor old farmer, and all other parents in his forlorn situation ; for surely, surely, my dear brothers, a young creature is not to be wholly deserted, and left both to live and die in infamy, for a fault, of which more than half the guilt is to be imputed to *another*. Hapless girls!—Read the penitent sentiments and story of one of them, and join your wishes to mine, that they may be daily restored to virtue, to health, and to their families.

ALMERIA:

A L M E R I A:

OR,

THE PENITENT.

Being a Genuine Epistle from an Unfortunate
Daughter in the Magdalen Hospital, to her
Family in the Country.

*Extracted from the Second Volume of Melmoth's
Liberal Opinions; or, The History of Benignus.*

“ Withdrawn from all temptations that entice,
The frauds of fashion, and the snares of vice,
From all that can inspire unchaste delight,
To my dear, bleeding family I write:
But oh! my pen the tender task denies;
And all the daughter rushes to my eyes.
Oft as the paper to my hand I brought,
My hand still trembled at the shock of thought:
Sighs interrupt the story of my woe,
My blushes burn me, and my tears o’erflow:
But nature now insists upon her claim,
Strikes the fine nerve, and gives me up to shame:
No more the anxious wish can I restrain,
Silent no longer can your child remain;
Write, write, I must, each hope, each fear, declare,
And try once more to win a father’s care:
Scorn not, ah scorn not, then, the mournful verse,
Revive my blessing, and recall my curse;

Give

Give to a daughter's wrongs one parent-sigh,
Nor let a mother my *last* pray'r deny.

Yet where, oh where, shall I the tale begin,
And where conclude the narrative of sin?
How each dire circumstance of guilt disclose,
Unload my breast, and open all its woes?
How to an injur'd parent shall I tell
The arts by which I stray'd, by which I fell?
No common language can the scenes express,
Where ev'ry line should mark extreme distress;
Mere human words unequal all we find
To paint the feelings of a wounded mind:
'Tis not the scribbler's vein, the songster's art,
Nor the wild genius of a vacant heart;
'Tis not the lines that musically flow
To mark the poet's well-imagin'd woe;
Nor all the frolics of the tuneful tribe,
Can such a mighty grief as *mine* describe.

Full oft has scorpion FANCY to my view
Imag'd each anguish that a parent knew;
At midnight's still and searching hour she came,
Glar'd round my bed, and chill'd my soul with
shame,

Crouded each black idea in my sight,
And gloom'd a chaos on the balmy night.

"Behold (she said) on the damp bed of earth,
Behold th' unhappy man, who gave thee birth;
In dust he rolls his sorrow-silver'd hair,
And on each muscle sits intense despair;

See how the passions vary in his face,
 Tear his old frame, and testify disgrace;
 Retir'd from home, in silence to complain
 To the pale moon, the vet'ran tells his pain:
 Now sinks oppress'd, now sudden starts away,
 Abhors the night, yet sickens at the day.
 And see, thou guilty daughter! see, and mourn
 The whelming grief that waits the sire's return!
 Beneath some black'ning yew's sepulchral gloom,
 Where pensive Sorrow seems to court the tomb,
 Where tenfold shades repel the light of day,
 And ghostly footsteps seem to press the way,
 Bent to the ground by mis'ry, and by years,
 There view thy bleeding mother bath'd in tears;
 Her look disorder'd, and her air all wild,
 She beats the breast that fed a worthless child:
 And oh! she cries—
 Oh! had the fostering milk to poison turn'd,
 Some ague shiver'd, or some fever burn'd;
 Had death befriended on the fatal morn,
 In which these eyes beheld a daughter born;
 Or had th' ETERNAL seal'd its eyes in night,
 Ere it the barrier knew 'twixt wrong and right,
 Then had these curses ne'er assail'd my head—
 Why spring such torments from a lawful bed!—
 Now, melted, soften'd, gentler she complains,
 Rage ebbs away, the tide of love remains:
 Then how th' affecting tears each other trace,
 Down the dear furrows of her matron face;

But

But still the anxious mother brings to light
 Scenes of past joy, and innocent delight;
 Calls to remembrance each *infantine* bliss,
 The cradle's rapture, and the baby's kifs;
 Each throbbing hope, that caught th' embrace
 sincere,

With ev'ry joy that rose in ev'ry tear;
 The beauteous prospect bright'ning ev'ry day,
 The father's fondling, and the mother's play.
 Yet soon she finds again the sad reverse,
 Till harass'd nature sinks beneath its curse;
 Again more fierce, more mad she rends her frame,
 And loudly brands Almeria with her shame!"
 Here paus'd, and shrunk, the *vision* from my view,
 But *Conscience* colour'd, as the shade withdrew:
 Pierc'd to the heart, in agony I lay,
 And all confusion, rose, with rising day.

But ah! what hope could morning bring to me,
 What, but the mournful privilege, to *see*,
 To view the pleasures which I could not share,
 And waste the day in solitude and care?
 More clearly shone the sun on my disgrace,
 And mark'd *more plain* the blushes on my face.

Then all enrag'd I curs'd th' abandon'd hour
 When honour yielded to the traitor's pow'r;
 When, rash, I scorn'd the angel voice of truth,
 In all the mad simplicity of youth;
 When from a father's arms forlorn I stray'd,
 And left a mother's tenderness unpaid;

While

While nature, duty, precept, all combin'd
 To fix obedience on the plastic mind.
 Stung at the thought, each vengeance I design'd,
 And weary'd heav'n to desecrate mankind;
 From room to room distractedly I ran,
 The scorn of woman, and the dupe of man.

Alcanor, curst Alcanor! first I fought
 (And as I pass'd a fatal dagger caught)
 The smiling villain soon my fury found,
 Struck at his heart, and triumph'd in the wound:
 "A ruin'd woman—gives—(I cry'd) the stroke!"
 He reel'd, he fell, he fainted as I spoke.
 But soon as human *blood* began to flow,
 Soon as it gush'd, obedient to the blow,
 Soon as the ruddy stream his cheek forsook,
 And death sat struggling in the dying look,
 Love, and *the woman*, all at once return'd;
 I felt his anguish, and my rashness mourn'd;
 O'er his pale form I heav'd the bursting sigh,
 And watch'd the changes of his fading eye;
 To stop the crimson tide my hair I tore,
 Kiss'd the deep gash, and wash'd with tears the gore.
 'Twas love—'twas pity—call it what you will;
 Where the heart feels—we *all* are women still.

But low I bend my knees to pitying heav'n,
 For his recovery to my prayers was giv'n;
 He liv'd—to all the rest I was resign'd,
 And murder rack'd no more my tortur'd mind:
 He liv'd—but soon, with mean perfidious stealth,
 Forsook his prey, and rioted in wealth.

Yet

Yet think not now arriv'd the days of joy;
 Alcanor flatter'd only to destroy;
 Alike to blast my body, and my mind,
 He robb'd me first, then left me to mankind;
 Soon from his Janus face the mask he tore,
 The charm was broke, and magic was no more:
 The dreadful cheat awhile to *hide* he strove,
 By poor pretences of a partial love,
 Awhile *disguis'd* the surfeits of his heart,
 And topp'd, full well, the warm admirer's part;
 Till tir'd at last, with labouring to conceal,
 And feigning transports which he did not feel,
 He turn'd at once so civilly polite,
 Whate'er I said, indifference made *so right*,
 Such coldness mark'd his manners, and his mien,
 My guilt—my ruin—at a glance was seen.

In vain I now assum'd a chaster part,
 In vain I struggled with a broken heart,
 In vain I try'd to purify my stain,
 Correct my life, and rise (reform'd) again;
 Pleas'd at the hope, from savage man I flew,
 And sought protection from each friend I knew;
 Each friend at my approach shrunk back with
 dread,

And bade me hide my pestilential head:
 Ev'n for the meanest servitude I sought,
 But nice suspicion at my figure caught,
 My dress too flaunting, or my air too free,
 And deep reserve betok'ning mystery;

Some

Some frailty rais'd a doubt where'er I came,
 And ev'ry question flush'd my cheeks with shame;
 Conscious of guilt, o'ershadow'd by pretence,
 'Twas hard to act the *farce* of innocence.
 Oft as I begg'd the servant's lowest place,
 The *treach'rous* colour shifted in my face;
 The fatal secret glow'd in ev'ry look,
 Trembling I stood, and stammering I spoke.

Next came the views of home into my mind,
 With each dear comfort I had left behind;
 Pardon, and pleasure, started to my thought,
 While Hope inspir'd forgiveness of my fault:
 But soon, too soon, the sweet ideas fled,
 And left me—begging at each door for bread.
 Yet poor indeed was this support to me,
 (Ah, had I starv'd on common charity!)
 Far other woes and insults were in store,
 My fame was lost, and I could rise no more;
 Driv'n to the dreadful precipice of sin,
 My brain swam round the gulph, and hurl'd me in.

And now no pen could picture my distress,
 'Twas more, much more, than simple wretched-
 ness;

Famine, and guilt, and conscience tore my heart,
 And urg'd me to pursue the wanton's part.
 Take then the truth, and learn at once my shame:
 Such my hard fate—I welcom'd all that came.

But oh! no transport mingled in my stains,
 No guilty pleasure ever sooth'd my pains;

No vicious hope, indelicately gay,
 Nor warmer passions lull'd my cares away;
 The flatt'ring compliment fatigu'd my ear,
 While half-afraid, I half-conceal'd a tear:
 Whole nights I pass'd insensible of bliss,
 Lost to the loath'd embrace, and odious kiss;
 Nor wine nor mirth the aching heart could fire,
 Nor could the sprightly music ought inspire;
 Alive to each reflection that oppress'd,
 The more I gain'd, the more I was distress'd:
 E'en in the moment of unblest desire,
 Oft would the wretch complain I wanted fire;
 Cold as a statue in his arms I lay,
 Wept thro' the night, and blush'd along the day—
 Ah think what terrors e'er could equal mine!
 Ah think, and pity—for I once was thine!
 The sweet society of friends was o'er,
 For happier women dare invite no more;
 And they, at noon, would meet me with alarms,
 Who stole at midnight to my venal arms.
 My own companions no sweet comfort brought,
 A shameful sett, incapable of thought;
 Their wanton passions ne'er cou'd touch my heart,
 For all was looseness, infamy, and art;
 No modest maxims suited to improve,
 No soft sensations of a chaster love,
 No gen'rous prospects of a soul refin'd,
 No worthy lessons of a noble mind,
 E'er touch'd their bosoms, harden'd to their state;
 Charm'd at their arts, and glorying in their fate.

Some stroke of frolic was their constant theme,
 The dreadful oath, and blasphemy extreme,
 Th' affected laugh, the rude-retorted lye,
 Th' indecent question, and the bold reply ;
 E'en in their dress their business I could trace,
 And broad was stamp't the Harlot on each face;
 O'er ev'ry part the shameful trade we spy,
 The step audacious, and the rolling eye ;
 The smile insidious, the look obscene,
 The air enticing, and the mincing mein.

With these, alas ! a sacrifice I liv'd ;
 With these the wages of disgrace receiv'd ;
 But Heav'n, at length, its vengeance to complete,
 Drove me—distemper'd—to the public street.
 For on a time, when lightning fir'd the air,
 And laid the sable break of midnight bare ;
 When rain and wind assail'd th' unshelter'd head,
 That sought in vain—the blessing of a bed ;
 Distress'd—diseas'd—I crawl'd to ev'ry door,
 And begg'd, with tears, a shelter for the poor !
 My knees, at length, unable to sustain
 The force of hunger, and the weight of rain,
 Fainting I fell, then stagg'ring rose again,
 And wept, and sigh'd, and hop'd, and rav'd in vain.

Then (nor till then) o'erwhelm'd with sore
 distress,

To my own hand I look'd for full redress ;
 All things were apt—no flatterer to beguile,
 'Twas night—'twas dark—occasion seem'd to
 smile :—

Where'er

Where'er I turn'd, destruction rose to view,
 And, on reflection, rising frenzy grew.—
 From foolish love, the knife, conceal'd, I wore,
 That, in my rage, Alcanor's bosom tore;
 Thought press'd on thought—th' unsettled senses
 flew,

As from my breast the fatal blade I drew;
 Still the stain'd point with crimson spots was dy'd,
 “And this is well—'tis blood for blood,” I cry'd!
 Then did I poise the instrument in air,
 Bent to the stroke, and laid my bosom bare:
 But ah! my crimes that instant rose to view,
 Disarm'd my purpose—my resolves o'erthrew;
 Fear shook my hand, I flung the weapon by,
 Unfit to *live*—I was not fit to *die*!—

Ah! wretched woman, she who strays for
 bread,

And sells the sacred pleasures of the bed;
 Condemn'd to shifts, her reason must despise,
 The scorn and pity of the good and wise;
 Condemn'd each call of passion to obey,
 And in despite of nature to be gay;
 To force a simper, with a throbbing heart,
 And call to aid the feeble helps of art;
 Oblig'd to suffer each impure caress,
 The slave of fancy, and the drudge of dress;
 Compell'd to suit her temper to each taste,
 Scorn'd if too wanton, hated if too chaste;
 Forc'd with the public whimsy to comply,
 As veers the gale of modern luxury;

And oft th' afflicted creature must sustain
 Strokes more severe, yet tremble to complain:
 The felon bawd, a dreadful beast of prey,
 Rules o'er her subjects with despotic sway,
 Trucks for the human form, with fatal pow'r,
 And bargains for her beauties by the hour.
 But should some female in her dang'rous train,
 Attend the altar of her shame with pain,
 Dispute at length the monster's base controul;
 And dare assert the scruples of her soul;
 Should she reluctant yield to the disgrace,
 And shew the signs of sorrow in her face,
 Th' imperious abbess frowns her into vice,
 And hates the sinner that grows over-nice.
 But hear, yet hear, your hapless daughter's plea,
 Some little pity still is due to me.
 If to have felt each agony of mind,
 To bear the stings which conscience leaves be-
 hind;

If at each morn to shudder at the light,
 Dread the fair day, and fear the coming night;
 If, like the thief, of ev'ry eye afraid,
 Anxious I sought the blush-concealing shade;
 If my sad bosom, bursting with its weight,
 Bled and bewail'd the hardships of my fate;
 If to have known no joys, and known all pains,
 Can aught avail to purge my former stains,
 Judge not your child, your suppliant, too severe,
 But veil her frailties, and bestow a tear.—

Yet

Yet has Almeria *now* a juster claim,
 To seal her pardon, and to close her shame,
 Each early trespass nobler to remove,
 And hope again the sanction of your love.
These holy mansions, sacred to our woes;
 To screen from scorn, and hide us from our foes;
 Gradual the fallen woman to retrieve,
 Reform the manners, and the mind relieve;
 From barb'rous man to shield his hapless prey,
 Expunge the spot, and chace the blush away;
 To sooth each sorrow by the pow'r of pray'r,
 And half supply a parent's pious care;
 To lull the flutt'ring pulses to repose,
 Each pang to soften, and each wish compose;
 Wean us from scenes that fatally misguide,
 And teach the breast to glow with nobler pride;
These holy mansions have receiv'd your child,
 And here she mourns each passion that beguil'd.
 Thrice has the sun his annual beams bestow'd,
 And found me here, determin'd—to be *good*;
 Already feels my heart a lighter grief,
 And each white minute brings me fresh relief:
 Or if by chance my sorrows I renew,
 Half claim my crimes, and half belong to you;
 Here, then, for ever, secret and resign'd,
 Here for its God will I prepare my mind;
 Here pass conceal'd my penitential days,
 And lead a life of piety and praise.

Come, then, thou lovely patroness of fame,
 Thou bright restorer of a ruin'd name,

Come, fair *Repentance*, o'er each thought preside,
 Patient I follow such a heav'nly guide;
 To all thy laws implicitly I bend,
 And call thee sister, saviour, genius, friend!
 Oh! let me breathe the solemn vow sincere,
 Oh! let Religion consecrate each tear!
 Then, should long life be mercifully giv'n,
 The soul (repair'd) may dare to think of heav'n;
 Then cleans'd from ev'ry dark and Ethiop stain,
 Virtue, that dove of peace, shall come again,
 With smoothest wings re-settle on my breast,
 And open prospects of eternal rest.

And yet, before that golden hour arrive,
 Oh! would my injur'd relatives forgive,
 Oh! could they see this happier turn of fate,
 And view their Magdalen's far chaster state,
 Then would they fondly close her fading eye,
 Bless her last breath, and bid her peaceful die.

Deep in her ward's most venerable gloom,
 Late was a contrite sister, from her room,
 Where long the blushing, pious vot'ress lay,
 And sought a shelter from the shame of day,
 In words half-smother'd by the heaving sigh,
 And voice that spoke despair—thus heard to cry—

“ Oh! injur'd *Chastity*, thou heav'nly dame,
 Thou spotless guardian of the cherub Fame,
 Who arm'st fair Virtue 'gainst th' insulting foe,
 And in her cheeks command'st the rose to blow!
 Thou, whose resistless shield protects the fair,
 Who falls not, willing, in the traitor's snare!

Had

Had I, oh! had I still thy rules obey'd,
Despis'd the treach'rous town, and walk'd the
shade ;

Had I each villain stratagem defy'd,
And scorn'd the flatt'rer with a decent pride ;
Had I withstood his arrows at my heart,
Oppos'd each trick, and baffled ev'ry art,
Then lib'ral truth might ev'ry hour employ,
Each thought be rapture, and each hope be joy ;
Then lov'd, rever'd, as mother and as wife,
Blest had I been, in the *pure* vale of life.
Haply my Edward—Oh ! lamented name,
Once my high boast, before I plung'd in shame ;
Haply my Edward, yielding to my charms,
(Oh! my smote bosom, whence these new
alarms ?

Why spring the conscious drops into my eye?
Why feels my heart the love-impassion'd sigh?)
I dare not speak my promis'd happiness—
Yet, Edward, couldst thou witness my distress,
Witness the firm unviolated mind,
Seduc'd by vice, but not to vice inclin'd;
Couldst thou behold the constant-falling tear,
My pray'rs attest, my self-reproaches hear;
Ah! couldst thou think how deeply I bewail,
How thick enshroud me in the friendly veil;
How, in the sacred solitude of night,
The care of heav'n unceasing I invite,

Breathe the warm wish, and pour the fervent
pray'r;

Now dare to hope, and now expect despair :

Couldst thou but see these changes of my grief,

Surely thy pity would bestow relief.

My Edward's virtue (for I know his heart)

The balms of soft compassion would impart,

His breast would mitigate each stern decree,

And judgment yield to mercy's milder plea :

But he is lost—fond wretch, thy plaint give o'er—

The dear, the injur'd Edward, is no more ;

Or, if he lives—he recollects thy shame,

Scorns thy false vows, and hates th' unworthy
flame.”—

Scarce had the pensive child of sorrow spoke,
When from a neighbouring ward these accents
broke :

“ 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! th' unfortunate is found,
My pulse beats quick—ah ! save me from the
ground,

Support me—help me—some assistance lend,
And my faint foot-steps to the mourner bend ;
She lives !—she lives !”—Th' unhappy woman
heard,

Shook in each nerve, and trembled at each word,
Then swooning, sunk at length upon the floor,
Just as th' afflicted stranger reach'd the door :
Tottering he enter'd—caught th' afflicted fair,
And rais'd her flutt'ring frame, with tend'rest care.

“ Ah

" Ah drooping lily ! rise to life and me,
 And in this faded form thy Edward see ;
 Recall the lustre in thy sparkling eye,
 And bid for ever all thy sorrows fly :
 Long have I fought thee with a lover's zeal,
 For thee alone I weep, ~~for thee~~ I feel :
 Come, then, fair penitent, forget each woe,
 And ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry transport know ;
 Lost be the mem'ry of thy former stain,
 Thy pow'rful pray'rs have wash'd thee white
 again ;

Bury'd be ev'ry anguish in this kiss,
 Wake, then, oh wake, to virtue and to bliss ! " —
 This said, he press'd her in a soft embrace,
 And the warm blood came flushing to her face,
 Now pale retir'd, now ran a deeper red,
 Till cheer'd at last the sweet disorder fled ;
 A thousand tender questions now succeed,
 They smile alternate, and alternate bleed.
 Edward the chaplain's long try'd friend had been,
 And hence arose the late propitious scene ;
 The sacred chaplain gave her to his care,
 Join'd their kind fates, and left them with a
 pray'r.



L E T T E R X I .

The 'SQUIRE to Mr. CRONY.

Noted Heroes and Heroines discovered, in a Morning's Conversation.

I HAVE not written to you till now, that I might have such a collection of subjects as deserved being put down upon paper, and being committed to the consideration of my friends. I have had a ramble through the streets of London at the early hour of five in the morning, and I met some adventures worth your attention. I was this very morning reposing myself after the fatigues of the preceding day, upon a soft downy bed, when I heard a violent noise under my window ; upon rising to listen and observe by what means I had been disturbed, I saw three young intoxicated rakes thrusting against one another with drawn swords, and to the utter confusion of the neighbourhood, were

complotting

complotting by what means they could most alarm the parish. To this purpose they hallooed as loud as possible, beat hard at the doors, blasphemed vehemently, and protested, that for three farthings they would set the whole city on fire. The dress of these heroes was truly ludicrous; for they had, in the gaiety of their hearts, set fire to each other's coats, hats, wigs, &c. and had fairly burnt away their property to the skin, averring, that they preferred a state of nature, and the maxims of their forefathers, to every other. It is not, in truth, easy for any one to conceive, into what an extravagance of whim, folly, and ill manners, the debauched young fellows of London often rush. They may well be called

“Lords of the street, and terrors of the way.”

Nay, what is most to be wondered at, but which my cousin asserts to be true, some of these youths have really good abilities, have had expensive educations, and have naturally good hearts, but become thus worthless and corrupt merely from the want of resolution, or from the contagion of bad example.

As they soon grew tired of making a noise, and had by this time got together in a sort of circle, close under my chamber, I threw open the casement, and was an ear witness, as well

as an eye one, to the subsequent instructive conversation :

First Buck.

Curse me, Tom, if I like that Polly C—k, of Aylesbury-street, Westminster : although she is young, well shaped, has pretty features, fine skin, dark hair, black eyes, and is very fond of the soft pastime, yet she is a jilt after all, and I'll have no more to say to her.

Second Buck.

What dost talk of such an animal as that for ? I would not give sixpence for her. No, d-m—e ; give me the charming Sally S-ndb—y, in Orange-court, Swallow-street—she's the girl—fresh as the blushing rose, not damaged in the service—a tight, plump, Gloucestershire lass.—Then only think upon the glossy blackness of her hair, her arched eye-brows : well may one exclaim with the poet,

“ Fair as the fabled Hebe, kind and free,
And none more fond of Venus' sport than she.”

Yes, d-m—e, she's the girl for my money.

Third Buck.

Pshaw—Pshaw—you run on in raptures about your high-priced wenches ; but for my part,

part, I prefer poor Bet L——r, who lives in Wych-street, under a coal-shed, to all the lubricious lasses in London; nay, she is allowed, by all good judges, to be the nonpareil of the town: Where is there a face so striking as her's? She seems to have practised all the bewitching looks and artful smiles of Venus herself. She captivates and pleases all beholders. Then what a lovely size! how fair! how genteel! light hair, hazle eyes, blooms and dimples in her cheeks.

“ The little Loves are in her train,
And all resistance is in vain.”

First Buck.

Well, come, d-mn it, the whole bevy a'n't worth a word amongst friends; for my part, I have, I believe, gone, within this month past, clean through Harris's List, and I have bilked six of the finest wenches in Britain within these twenty-four hours.

Second Buck.

Name 'em—name 'em, Will, else I shall think it is all *bam*.

First Buck.

So I will. First and foremost there's Nancy N—ck—ng, as pretty little wanton a tit as ever

ever leg laid over : a girl, my boy, who oftener wants the curb than the spur ; dresses gay, is visited by the best company, has fine black hair, dazzling eyes, good teeth, and fings like a cherubim. I tipped her the bilk, by promising to return with a piece of silk for a new sack the next evening. Secondly, there's Polly Freelove, of Falcon-court, who was my lady for the time being, on Tuesday last :

“ A pretty girl, who's much to say,
And will be doing in her way.”

She is a girl of fine understanding, and has a very agreeable person, hand, arm, bosom, and all that, into the bargain. I happen to be a favourite, and therefore she is a fair bilk without either trouble or charge. My next bilk was Sukey Fr—r—t, in Meard's-court; as fine, tall a woman as any in England. She has a lustiness that is truly becoming in her, and her face is beyond all imagination beautiful : tho' she lives high, and pretends to be visited only by quality, I will take upon me to visit her, drink tea with her, crack a commandment, and all that, for nothing. The next lady whom I—

Third Buck.

Hold, hold, Tom : so you have laid with and bilked all those nuns, have you?

First

First Buck.

To be sure I have, and not those only, but: Hannah Hinnes, of Long-lane, Smithfield; Miss Wyld, of Little Queen-street; Miss Bet Rose, of Union-court, Holborn; Miss Carrol, at the Barber's in Red-lion-street; Mrs. Briscoe, in Bateman's Buildings; Mrs. Pitts, Maidenhead-court; Miss Maria Falkner, Shug-lane; Miss Polly Franks, a milliner in Carnaby Market; Miss Setliff, in the Borough; Miss Sally Danvers, Soho, the corner of Dean-street; and a thousand others.

Second Buck.

Hoity-toity!—Why thou art a monopolizer of the nuns.

Third Buck.

He a monopolizer; indeed. Here—here—lookye—this book contains his knowledge.—These are the only sheets in which he ever had any acquaintance with such a bevy of beauties. D—me, he owes all his *palaver* to Harris's List. He has no other knowledge of such noble girls, I promise thee.

Second Buck.

No! I really thought he knew them every one.

First Buck.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Bam—Bam. And so I have *bilked* you too, have I? Ha! Ha! Ha! that's good—that's good.

After these irregular blades had amused themselves in this manner for the space of twenty minutes, they walked off in high triumph, and intimated a design, by way of the next piece of early diversion, to disturb the populace by a pretence of fire, and then cry *bam*, and run away in the victory of their hair-brained imaginations.

After they were gone, I stood and entertained myself at my window for a long time, during which several things passed worthy notice. In the city-parts, as well as more suspicious quarters, there are many examples of folly, vice, and luxury. On the other side of the way I beheld some citizens who had been carousing all the night, and now going home to scold and abuse their wives, instead of making them excuses. I was, however, soon disgusted, and once more committed myself to the arms of sleep, as a refuge from such absurdities.

I am, dear CRONY,

Your affectionate friend,

BOB RANDAL.



L E T T E R X I I .

'SQUIRE RANDAL to his FAMILY.

*A general and conclusive View of City—Court—
Public Places—People—Manners—Fairs—Ta-
vern—s—and every other Matter not hitherto noticed—
in the 'Squire's Correspondence—LONDON, a
Poem, abridged.*

DEAR FRIENDS,

WHATEVER has not been remarked in my former letters, shall now be transmitted in this my last epistle; for I would not neglect any thing that may tend to the service or entertainment of my valuable friends in the country.

I have had a peep at the COURT; that circle of whim and wickedness, gaiety and giddiness, melancholy and merriment, folly and falsehood. Mr. Smart observed, that there is, under all this appearance of splendid happiness, nothing
either

either firm or solid. Self-interest prevails throughout the circle, and the wheel of fortune is for ever upon the whirl. Ah, my dear cousin, said he, as we passed along the stately apartments, the very air of this place is infectious.— Wherever you turn your eyes, nothing meets the deluded sight but the most smiling objects. It is, as a certain witty writer says, an atmosphere liable to be infected with gross vapours, full of flattery and lying. It is contrived into such an intricate maze, and obscure manner, that the straightest way is not always the nearest; and indirect practices and measures are oftentimes very effectual helps to bring you to your journey's end. It looks gloriously at a distance, but when you approach it its beauty diminishes: notwithstanding which, continues this humorous author, I have seen some new-comers tread as confidently upon it as if they had been born there; but they quickly found they were in a new world, where the tottering earth made them giddy and stumble. On the other side, I have seen some old stagers walk upon court-ground as gingerly as upon ice or a quagmire, and with all the precaution and fear imaginable, lest they should fall from a great fortune by the same defects that raised them, and not without cause; for the ground is hard in some places, and sinks in others: but all people covet to get upon the highest spot, to which there is no coming.

coming but by one passage, and that is so narrow that no ambitious pretender can keep the way without jostling other people down with his elbows.

Stout should his heart, and thoughtful be his head,
That would in slipp'ry paths with judgment tread ;
And tempt the dangers which on Courts attend,
A smiling enemy, a treach'rous friend :
As he of great preferment waits the call,
Certain to slip, and almost sure to fall.

In short, cousin, poets cannot be too severe upon the artifices of the place we are now in ; and so many are the difficulties which true merit and plain honesty will have to encounter before they make their fortune amongst courtiers, that I have long ago, in the fullest conviction of my heart, forsworn all intercourse with such people, and adopted those noble sentiments of a writer lately deceased.

“ Of all the plagues which make mankind their sport,
Guard me, ye heavens, from that *worst* plague, a
Court ;

’Midst the mad mansions of Moorfields, I’d be
A straw-crown’d monarch, in mock majesty !
Rather than sov’reign rule Britannia’s fate,
Curs’d with the follies, and the farce of state :
Rather in Newgate walls O let me dwell,
A doleful tenant of the darkling cell,

Than.

Than swell in palaces the mighty store
 Of Fortune's fools, and parasites of power;
 Than crowns, ye gods, be any state my doom,
 Or any dungeon but—a DRAWING-ROOM."

Mr. Smart's quotations and remarks soon disgusted me with Courts; and therefore, as I cannot recommend them to my friends, and know nothing of them but from his report, which indeed may be, for ought I know, a little too severe, I shall drop the disagreeable subject with advising country gentlemen not to leave their peaceful habitations for the precarious promises of the great, or for the ambitious hopes of being provided with a "*slippery tenement*."

From the splendor of a Court I shift my remarks to the transactions of Billingsgate, where I arrived (after putting on my city-cloaths) about the time that the graver portion of the people were retiring to their sober chambers, in order to rise early for the ploddings of the morrow. The lamps were dimly glimmering in their sockets, and the lamp-men were busy to manufacture the remainder of the oil to their own private purposes. We had no sooner reached Billingsgate than such a miscellany of nauseous scents assailed the nostrils, that we might very well exclaim—all Billingsgate opens upon every sense. The collection of witches and monstrous figures in the tragedy of Macbeth, were nothing
 so

so frightful, nor their howlings so horrible, as what we were now spectators and auditors of—a parcel of dirty fish-women were huddled together in a dark dismal kind of cavern, and all so vociferous, and so fumigated with their repeated over-draughts of gin, and other vulgar drams, that they resembled nothing, in my idea, but an infernal assembly convened for the purpose of inventing torments—watermen, porters, runners, basket-women, and tattered children hanging at the breast; formed this greasy grouse; and, after having been a witness to frolics that I am ashamed to set down, I left the place, because my stomach could really support it no longer.

In a word, taking London in a general view, and putting the whole of my ramble together, I find the metropolis just what one of the great writers who lives in it, describes it; nor can I possibly bring my adventures to a period better than by introducing, in this place, a few of his observations, they being so excessively apropos.

LONDON, A POEM, *Abridged.*

“ Here malice, rapine, accident conspire;
And now a rabble rages, now a fire.
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

Here

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates in the face of day;
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
 London, the needy villain's gen'ral home,
 The common sewer of Paris, and of Rome,
 With eager thirst, by folly, or by fate,
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
 Prepare for death, if here at *night* you roam,
 And sign your will before you sup from home.
 Some fiery fop with new commission vain,
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
 Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
 Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest:
 Cruel with guile, and daring with despair,
 The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
 Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
 And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
 Scarce can our fields, such crouds at Tyburn die,
 With hemp the *gallows*, and the *fleet* supply.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
 Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
 But *here* more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
 Where looks are merchandize, and smiles are sold;
 Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
 The groom retails the favours of his Lord."

Dr. JOHNSON.

Upon the whole, then, Oh my dear, happy,
 country friends, it only remains to assure you,
 that your visits to the metropolis of Great-
 Britain

Britain should be undertaken with deliberation, and indulged with circumspection. What you find in these letters are unexaggerated facts—every scene is taken from the life, and every picture drawn on the spot ; and agreeable to my motto sent with my first letter, “ Nothing hath been extenuated, nor hath any thing been set down maliciously,” to prejudice you against the city or the citizens ; where amongst a great deal of villainy, chicane, agitation, design, noise, and nonsense, a judicious man, who comes to London either upon a scheme of business or a project of pleasure, will find many individuals of reputation, probity, genius, ingenuity, and generosity.

At the same time, I must own, I have had enough of London, and John Trusty is now packing up my things ; after which I shall return with real joy from rattle and ramblings, to the more quiet and more satisfactory enjoyments of a beloved circle of country relations ; for I have been long enough in a confused city to see the truth of these delightful fire-side images :

“ If solid happiness we prize,
Within our *breast* that jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam ;
The *world* has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, OUR HOME.”

I am, my dear friends,
Your affectionate

ROBERT RANDAL

P. S. The paper of this morning lies before me, out of which, as a specimen of the *luxury* and *absurdity* of this town, I extract the following pair of curious articles :

“Yesterday arrived Mr. Charles Sharp, hair-dresser, at his house in Fleet-street, from Paris.”

“On Friday last the following droll accident happened in Oxford-road: A lady who had been riding in Hyde-park, in galloping down the street had the misfortune to have her hat blown off by the wind, the beaver of which was heavy, being rather of the umbrella kind, drew her head along with it, and brought down to the ground a most enormous *tête*, with four or five pounds weight of wool, pins, false curls, wigs, caul, &c. Her horse went on in spite of her, and by that means her bald pate was exposed to the eye of the public; her servant, however, at last stopped her horse, and she took refuge at a milliner's in Bond-street.”—*tempora! O mores!*—Farewell till I see you.

Robert Rawnsley Esq^r
London

F I N I S.



sg^r